THE GREAT SCANDERBERG: A NOVEL.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Done out of *French*.

Urbain Courtilz

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, at the *Post-House*, in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, 1690.

HARVARD COLLEGE
JUN 12 1907
LIBRARY.
Gift of
Prof. A. C. Coolidge.

To the Honoured

Madam JEPHSON.

COuld the exactneſs of this Performance but equal the greatneſs of my Subject, or that Goodneſs that put me upon it, I ſhould then have done that part of Choice, which I do now out of Obedience.

Nothing leſs than your Commands could have ingag'd me in the Attempt, and nothing leſs than your Character could have protected me in it.

Indeed my Hero is all Glory and Triumph, but yet he aſſures me this is his higheſt; and that he is more warmly affected with the Dedication, than with the Succeſs of his Adventures. But, Madam, what e're his Satisfactions may be, mine muſt be allow'd to exceed them, on whom you have laid

ſo

so many Obligations, that I must own them greater than all things, but the Generosity that conferr'd them, or the Humility that receiv'd them; and which to acknowledge, shall be as much the endeavours, as 'tis now the desires of,

MADAM,

Your most Oblig'd,
most humble, and most
devoted Servant.

N. V.

The

TO THE READER.

IF Love is a Weakness, one must confess there is none that ought sooner to be excused, or that is Authorised by so many Examples. It would be a hard matter to find a Man of any Note, who has never been in Love: The greatest Heroes could not defend themselves against its Power, and they valued their Crowns of Myrtle, no less than those of Laurel; the Pleasures which arose to their Ambitious Minds from their many Exploits, and Illustrious Conquests, did not seem to them so sweet, as those of Love. Alexander, and Cesar, who had under their Command almost half the World, thought it Glorious for themselves to obey that Sex, which has always been the fairest part of it. Hercules himself, that Prodigy of Strength and Valour, preferred the Fetters of a Woman, to the Honour of upholding Heaven, and the Gods themselves: One of Omphala's threatning looks could make this invincible Hero

tremble, his Armour was no Proof against her Charms; her Distaff easily took place of his Club, and his Lyons Skin surrender'd to a Woman's Attire. Mars himself the God of War, could not resist the Charms of the Goddess of Love, and he never thought himself so happy, as when he shar'd with Vulcan the Favours of Venus. Since then the greatest Heroes, and the Gods themselves, have been thus enamour'd; how can any wonder, that the Victorious Scanderberg, should yield to the Charms of Arianissa? This formidable Captain, who never fought without Victory, killed near two thousand Turks, with his own hand, without receiving the least wound; but Love did what all his Enemies could not do, and wounded the Heart of this Invulnerable Conquerour. Arianissa, tho' but a Slave, loaded with Chains that Vanquisher of the most powerful Emperour in the World. But how passionate soever this King of Albania was, Love could never draw one word from him, or compel him to an Action unworthy of himself. The person who inspires him with these Discourses, and these Designs, is used to make Heroes both Speak and Act. And I am confident that the Amours of Scanderberg, will be as pleasant to the Ladies, as the great Transactions of his Life have seem'd wonderful to those who have read them in his History.

THE

The Great

Scanderberg.

A

NOVEL.

VAlour and Virtue, appeared never with more splendour, than in the Person of the Invincible *Scanderberg*. This Prince was Bred up in the *Seraglio* of the Cruel *Amurat*, preserv'd there his Manners uncorrupt, and his Vertue may be proposed for an Example to all the Monarchs in the World. After he had freed himself from a shameful Slavery, recovered his Father's Dominions, struck Terrour, by his Immortal Actions, into the heart of him who had Captivated his Youth, he

saw all his Lands Invaded by the Forces of the *Ottoman* Empire, which the angry *Sultan* led in Person to the sight of the Walls of *Croya*, a Famous City, and the ordinary abode of the Kings of *Albania*.

Scanderberg since his return, had led there a Life which might have been called happy, if Love had not mixed its sad Displeasures with the advantage of reigning over the hearts of all his Subjects; he had bore the dreadfullest brunts of War with unimaginable constancy; he had won Battels, conquered Provinces, vanquished every where, and given Matter enough to Posterity for celebrating his Praises; there were still remaining some formidable Enemies, powerful by their number, and dreadful for their fury, whose only intent was to oppress him; but the fear of their Arms was not the thing, that disturbed his rest: Some more tender concerns, cast him into a sorrowful Condition, and if the care of his Subjects, by whom he was extreamly beloved, had not kept him at *Croya*, he had gone himself to the Camp of the Enemy, to seek out the absent and unfortunate *Ariamira*; for

the

the moments which he gave to other Affairs, seem'd to him as so many Crimes against his Love; and *Croya*, which he could not leave with Honour, was a sorrowful abode for him, by reason of *Ariamira*'s Absence.

Notwithstanding the care of those, that feared for his Liberty, he did seek sometimes Solitary Places, to fight there with more Freedom, and would go a considerable way from *Croya*. One Morning going out with *Uranes* only, he steer'd his course towards a Vally that seem'd more agreeable with his Melancholy.

The *Turks* had made already many Incursions, and gain'd some small Advantages, which the Sorrow of *Scanderberg* seem'd to neglect. *Uranes* being solicitous for his Master's danger, who was come so near his powerful Enemy, and having given him a considerable while to think by himself, stops him at last, and shewing him *Amurat*'s Tents, spake thus to him; Do you intend, My Lord, to go to the *Sultan*'s Camp, and do you seriously reflect upon that numerous Army, which bears such an ill will to your Person? That Life for which thou art so solicitous, answer'd

the King of *Albania*, is not dear enough to me, to take any care of it, and my Eyes, deprived of the sight of *Arianissa*, long to be deprived of that of the day. What, will you, My *Lord*, reply'd *Uranus*, *expose to a dreadful Fate, a thing which is so dear to* Arianissa? *I know what your Valour can do; but in our present Condition* ——— *In our present Condition*, said *Scanderberg*, *do you think that the Army of* Amurat *can make me tremble? Was I but certain of seeing* Arianissa *again, I would venture to fight it my self alone: yes sure* (added he, with one of those threatning looks, which had been often the Presages of his Victories) *I would endeavour it.* As he was going on, some groaning that he heard from behind the Trees interrupted him. The Prince was Naturally bountiful, and thinking that might be some oppressed Person who wanted help, he run thither with haste, and found a Man wallowing in his Blood, this Man was a *Turk*, but *Scanderberg* whom no prejudice could hinder from being kind, drew nearer him, and knew presently (tho' in the Pangs of Death) *Aradin*, the first of the Eunuchs of *Amurat*, who had taken care of him

in

in his Infancy, and by whom he was tenderly beloved; the unfortunate *Aradin*, tho' dying, know also the Features of the King of *Albania*, and, fetching a deep sigh, he said, *Oh*, Scanderberg! Amurat! Arianissa! *Knave and perfidious* Mussulman, *Adye*. And really he did so. This strange event was but a new increase of Grief for *Scanderberg*: The Names which *Aradin* had pronounced, pass'd to his very heart; he perceived the *Eunuch* had not spoke, but after he had known him, and that he was nearly concerned in all those things, which Death had forced him to suppress: *Just Heavens*, cry'd he, *what News do you intend to tell me? Is* Arianissa *Alive, or Dead? Alas!* Uranus, *my dear* Uranus, *what perplexity do I find my self now in? What can I do? What can I think? My Lord*, reply'd *Uranus*, *if I may conjecture any thing*, Arianissa *is not far from hence. Then she is in* Amurat's *Camp*, reply'd the Amorous Prince of *Albania*, *where she suffers the troublesome Solicitations of a Barbarous Emperour*; *or those of the unworthy* Mussulman. *Suppose it was so, am I the happier for it? Yes certainly*, added he, *for I would go and take*

her away from the Ottomans.

Whilst *Scanderberg* was speaking, *Uranus* went to look whether *Aradin* did breathe still, he found him cold, and without motion; but turning him, he perceived a Paper, like a Letter, just over his Heart, and delivering it to his Master, *My Lord*, said he, *this Note will tell you, may be, a part of that which the Sudden Death of* Aradin *hinder'd him from uttering*; the Prince opened the Letter, and saw there a Sentence more cruel, than if it had been against his own Life.

To the Great *Visier Orcan.*

MY *Love hath been prevailed upon at last by my Wrath: Such a Man as I, ought not to hearken to pity; go then* Orcan, *and Sacrifice the ungrateful* Arianissa, *to the Shame of having made me sigh to no purpose; her Blood will quench the rest of my Flame. Fear some opposition from* Musselman, *and whilst I shall vanquish the Rebellious* Scanderberg, *begin my Revenge that way, which will prove so sorrowful to him. This is the Absolute Command of*

Amurat.

No

No Man could express the sad effects the Reading of this Letter produced in the Soul of *Scanderberg*: In the first fit of his Rage, he was ready to run towards the *Ottoman* Army; but *Uranus*, after a long, but fruitless opposition, laying aside his wonted respect, told him at last: *Do you seek an Inglorious Death, My Lord, and will not this Triumph of the* Turks, *blot out all the Splendour of your past Life? Having lost* Arianissa, reply'd the Prince, *I am resolv'd to dye in her Revenge.* His Despair had likely prevailed over *Uranus*'s Zeal, if *Thopia*, a young Prince, and much addicted to *Scanderberg*, who was looking for him, because he knew he was gone out of *Croya* without his Train, had not come in the same place. *Thopia*, said the King of *Albania* to him, *None is more worthy your pity than I: You, My Lord*, answered *Thopia* amazed, *you! the Love, the Terrour, and the Admiration of the whole World, in your first Youth, what Mischiefs can cross so great Advantages? I perceive*, reply'd *Scanderberg*, *you judge of the Felicity of my Life, by those Actions which have made a great noise in the World; but do not decide it upon meer appearances. My Lord*, added

Thopia,

Thopia, the Turks may surprize your Valour in this place; Let us go to Croya, where your Presence is wished for. And so jointly with *Uranus*, they obliged the Prince to go towards the City, but first they took care of the Corps of *Aradin*, some *Albanian* Troopers, who were riding about the City, to observe the Motion of the *Turks*, carry'd it away by the King's Command.

Thopia knew very well that *Scanderberg* was in Love, but he was not acquainted with the Particulars of his Life, and shew'd a great Desire to know them. *Scanderberg* condescended easily to call again to mind, his most sorrowful Ideas, that he might satisfie *Thopia*, whom his Friendship distinguisht from all the other Princes of his Court.

Thopia, (said he, when they were come to the Palace of *Croya*) *you will help me to bewail* Arianissa's *Fate, when you shall hear me, and you will confess, that if Fortune hath bestowed some Favours upon me, they have been Poysoned by many bitter displeasures.* *Scanderberg* gave Order none should interrupt them, and began his Discourse after this Manner.

YOU know my Mother was Daughter to the Prince of the *Tribalians*, and that *John Castriot* my Father did Reign in *Epirus*, and *Albania*; he was envy'd for his Valour by *Amurat*, who rendered himself Formidable in *Greece*; after he had been the Terror in *Asia*; *Castriot* forced to yield to the swiftness of his prosperous Fortune, made Peace with him, and sent my three Brothers and me for Hostages, to *Adrianople*. *Vorsana* my Mother, keeping still by her self four Daughters, to wipe off her Tears: She expected much from my Birth, by reason of a Dream, which she had when she was Big of me; She Dreamed she was Delivered of a Serpent, so great, that he covered all *Epirus*, his head did reach to *Turky*, which he swallow'd up, and he did dip his Tail in the Sea towards *Venice*. *Castriot* having heard the Relation of this Dream from *Vorsona*, assured her she should bring forth a Man fatal to the *Turks*, and useful to *Christendom*. Nevertheless I was delivered into the hands of the first. Nothing but the

regard

regard of the safety of his Dominions, could ever have brought him to this Resolution, I being but eight years old, all my Brothers were Elder than I; this Age exposed me to the Ceremonies of the *Turks*, wherein they changed my Name, that was *George*, into that of *Scanderberg*, which is as much in the *Turkish* Tongue, as *Alexander* Lord, concerning my Brothers, their Riper Age free'd them from this Violence.

The *Sultan* who had a good Opinion of my youth, took all the imaginable care, to make me an Honest Gentleman: The unfortunate *Aradin* was made my Governour, and never man performed his Duty, with more Zeal and Diligence. But tho' his kind usage made me forget, that I was beholding for it to a Slave, yet my Condition, and the first Impressions of Religion, which I had received, could never be blotted out of my Memory.

I shall not relate to you what I did, from eight years, to sixteen. I learn'd all Exercises necessary, both for the Body and the Mind; and *Aradin* did all his Endeavours to inspire me with the love of Glory and Vertue. The Em-

perour

perour who took some delight in my Sight and Conversation, seem'd always pleased with me: I had the advantage of Signalizing my self in his presence, in the first War wherein I was allowed to fight; and kind Fortune waiting every where upon me, being yet but nineteen years old, I was made a *Sangiac* by *Amurat*, that is to say, a Leader, and I was trusted by him, with the Command of five thousand Horse, a little while after, I was nominated a *Bassa*, which was a Dignity that made the *Sangiacs* inferiour to me. I confess, my Advancement was very sudden, but the *Sultan*, who foresaw I should prove useful to him, had no regard to my Youth.

In this pass I acquired more Glory in *Natoly*. I was feared by the Enemies, loved by the *Turks*, and esteemed by the Emperour; and I can hardly remember, without Blushing, that after some important Victories, where certainly *Amurat* had had a great share, he would call me his Right Arm, his Heart, his Eye, and the Defender of his Estates. I enjoy'd all the sweet Pleasures of Liberty, because I was look'd upon as a *Turk*. My Brothers

Slavery would sometimes vex me, but seeing that they did not suffer much by it, and being besides resolved to make my self famous for the future, that was not able to put a stop to my Ambition.

Heaven punished me for this hardness of Heart, and permitted that the Cares of Love, should have their share in my Heart, as well as those of War: Nay, should wholly possess it. I had not gone for a long while near the *Seraglio* of the Women, and my Age did deprive me of those Caresses, I was wont to receive from the Loveliest *Sultanesses*: I felt in my heart, neither Aversion nor love for their Acquaintance. And in this quiet State of indifference, I spent in some Exercises very pleasant to the Emperour, that leasure we injoy'd at *Adrianople*: Those that were then most in favour with him, were *Musselman*, *Bostangi Bassi*, or great Gardener, *Mustapha*, *Bassa* of the Sea, and *Orcan*, the now *Grand Visier*. They possess'd infinite Riches, and stately Palaces, and their Families lived in great Splendour. *Musselman* prevailed over the others, because in all times and in all places, he had a free access to

the

the *Sultan*, his Closets, his Counsels and his Gardens were equally open to him: Proud of these advantages, he entertain'd other Courtiers so coldly, that he seem'd to despise them, but because I was loved by *Amurat*, and he desired to keep in his Favour, I did not find the same reception as the rest. I had a Natural aversion against him, but I had learnt Dissimulation, in a Court, where that Art was so necessary.

About this time there came to *Adrianople* a *Tartar* Prince, whom Curiosity had brought thither, the like man had never been seen before, he was of a prodigious height; being a foot taller than any of the rest of the *Turks*. Tho' he was Proud, and Rude, yet he was received like a Prince, by *Amurat*; it was reported he was famous over all *Tartary* for his Exploits; and he had never fought without Victory; proud of his own Reputation, he little regarded others civility; unfortunately for him, he contradicted me in any thing that I said; we were used to talk about Warlike Matters, and one day he was so presumptuous, as to tell me that the Victory over twenty such Men as me, would

would be no difficult attempt for him. being impatient, I defied him to fight me in a Duel, in the Emperour's sight. The *Tartar* was amazed at my boldness, and accepted of the Challenge: *Amurat*, who feared the loss of my Life, opposed it: But I craved his leave so instantly, that at last he consented to it.

The seeming unequality between my Adversary and me, affrighted all those who loved me, and I was likely the only man who was not alarmed. The Field for the fight, was appointed in a spacious piece of ground, which lay over against the *Seraglio*. The Emperour gave leave to the *Sultanesses*, and Slaves, to get upon the Towers, to see this Spectacle; and other Women, whose Houses look'd upon that place, had the same License.

At last the hour appointed for the Fight came, and we appeared before a numberless multitude of Spectators. The *Tartar* began to jeer me bitterly, for my Age and Weakness, but it was not long before I punished him for it, and my blows were so fortunate, that after an hours Resistance, he expired in the sight of all the Assembly. There were never heard so many Acclama-

tions

tions of joy among the *Turks*, as after my victory; they esteem'd it a prodigy, and I was lookt upon with great respect: I carry'd the *Grand's* Sword to the Emperour's feet, who imbraced me, and tho' some Persons envy'd me for the Honour of that day, those that were the Wisest, followed easily *Amurat's* Example.

The *Tartars* took away their Master's Corps, of which they disposed as they pleased; and for my part, I followed the *Sultan* to the *Seraglio*, the Prince *Mahomet*, his eldest Son, had received from Heaven some eminent Parts, which had been cultivated to a great advantage; we lived very freely between us, and that tho' he could not see that shore of sincere Friendship, which tyes closely two hearts together, yet we were not indifferent one to another; he praised my Action, and civily congratulated me for it.

That same night to avoid the Crowd, of which I was already weary, we went together, at the Moon-Shine, upon the Sea Shore, just behind the *Seraglio* of the Women; after we had walk'd a long while, in a very pleasant place, incompassed one way by the River, and

towards

towards the *Seraglio* with a Hedge [illegible] thick, that it rendred the Garden more inaccessible, than any strong wall. We were ready to retire, when a Charming Voice, Sung distinctly these words in the *Greek* Tongue.

Since here a Captive, void of all relief,
I bend beneath the weight of deadly Grief;
Why, cruel Love, dost thou increase my pains,
And add new Slavery to my former Chains?

The sound of this Voice pas'd through my Ears, to my very Heart. I had never felt before any tender motions, and my free and indifferent Soul was capable of any impression, when this Song was repeated many times. *Mahomet* hearkned to it with as much attention as my self, we knew well there were in the *Seraglio* many Fair *Sultanesses*, and Lovely Slaves, whom *Europe*, and *Asia* had offered; but they were altogether unknown to us: One hath never the more Priviledge in the *Seraglio*, for being either the *Sultan*'s Son, or his Favourite; for their jealousie is so careful, in hiding what they design for their Pleasures, that unless kind For-

tune

tune favours a Man, he can never come to know it.

The Prince, and I having heard this Charming Voice, we knew the person who had sung it, was not alone, because another began to speak in *Greek*, but with a Barbarous pronunciation, Does that Song concern you, said he to another, and have you lost your Heart in this place, where we see but unpleasant Objects? *Suppose what you said was true*; answered another, *it would be a hard matter for my Heart to explain its thoughts in a Song; you have desired me to Sing, and I have done it. How happy are you, Arianilla, to keep your Heart so free, and represent another Distemper, without fear of being infected with it; how happy are you, but how unfortunate is* Selimena? *You are the Object of the* Sultan's *most tender Affection*, answered *Arianilla*, *and that is the only thing that may well satisfie you, in this Everlasting Retirement. What can you desire more, Madam, since you are the Soveraign Mistress of him, who can dispose of all? Tho' Ambition is well pleased with that advantage*, continued *Selimena*, sighing, *a Soul so nice as mine cannot be contented; and if you had ever been in Love, you would*

would quickly understand my meaning. Alas Madam, I have had so many Misfortunes in my Life, that I willingly renounce that Experiment, reply'd Arianissa, with a Charming Sweetness; well, interrupted Seliminus, since you do not know the cause of my suffering, at least do not condemn it. A power which I cannot resist, forces me to utter this Secret without blushing. I love, I love, Arianissa, the Prince Scanderberg, and his Victory over the Tartar, is not the only one he has gut to day; he has seem'd to my Eyes as Lovely, as he was formidable to his Enemy, and that short space of time, has assured to him the possession of my heart for ever.

I cannot relate to you Seliminus's Kindness without blushing: But you must be acquainted with it, that you may the better understand how amazed the young Sultan and I were. I was loved without knowing by whom, and such a man as I might have been well pleased with the Idea of this Adventure; but besides that, Seliminus seem'd too passionate to deserve my Heart, he was a Sacred Object for me, being the beloved Sultaness of Amurat. I was more taken with Arianissa's Modesty, and tho' I did not with her so passion-

blown

as the [illegible] I could have desired she had not been insensible.

Some noise made them retire; the Prince drew nearer me, when he heard them no longer, and clasping his Arm about my Neck, *whatever good Opinion you entertain of your self*, said he, *did you think*, Scanderberg, *that* Mars, *and Love, should intend to bestow their Favours upon you at the same time? My Lord*, reply'd I smiling, *if we had more Freedom at* Adrianople, *I would tell you that this adventure is but a sham. You see*, added *Mahomet*, *that there is nothing but what is Natural in it; the hour, the place, and the person who spoke, in a word, all things witness your good Fortune, and you have nothing to do, but to rejoice. Alas, My Lord*, said I, *though my Heart was susceptible enough, to fall so easily in Love, I should never forget what I owe to the* Sultan. Selimana *may be a charming Person, what she said may flatter me, but* Amurat *is Emperor, and worthy of my Loyalty. You think*, reply'd *Mahomet*, *that a great Zeal for his Passion, will make me betray yours. No, My Lord*, interrupted I something hastily, *I know you are generous, and discreet, and I think what I think.* We went then into the

the *Seraglio*, and we parted at the same time.

I did never go to Bed without seeing *Aradin*; that day pleased with the Honours I had received, he did not fail to be in my Chamber; as because I had no acquaintance in the *Seraglio* of the Women, and all things were changed there, since my Infancy, I asked him several questions, which surprised him. I inquired of him concerning *Selimana*; he answered me, that she was always the dearest Object of *Amurat*'s Love, who had preferred her to all things, and he drew her Picture with great carefulness: After that, I asked him about *Arianissa*; and my Curiosity about a Slave, who probably was unknown to me, seem'd the more surprising to him. *I don't know*, Scanderberg, said he to me, *what is your Design, but I can assure you, that among all the Women in the World, I think there is none more Lovely than* Arianissa; *with a perfect Beauty she possesses a wonderful Wit and Virtue, and I cannot but wonder, that the Emperor has not yet cast his Eyes upon her.* I hearken'd to *Aradin*, with a trouble which I had never felt before; whatever he said about *Arianissa*, were

ma

many pleasant wounds to my heart, and I may say, I was in Love, before I had seen whom I loved; after a long Conversation, I thought I could not hide it from *Aradin*; he was afflicted at it, and knowing how dear *Selimena* was to the *Sultan*, and his jealous, and violent Temper, he used his utmost care to make me understand, how dangerous to me such a concurrence would prove. I assured him, I had no disposition to love *Selimena*; however I discovered not my thoughts concerning *Arianissa*, but passed the whole night in fancying her to my self, as lovely, as the Eunuch had described her; I found not my self the following day, as I had been hitherto; is it possible that *Arianissa* should be prepossessed with some tender Inclination, *said I sighing*, and can my Heart, which she takes from me, hope any comfort from her? I had no sooner uttered those words, but I found them unworthy of a man, whose only Ambition was to be great. I knew that violent Passions were look'd upon as a weakness, and my Love for an unknown Object, seem'd to me strange and worthy; nevertheless, it was formidable,

midable, and I could not conquer as I had done the *Tartar*.

I was forced to open my Heart to *Aradin*, who condemned me to think never upon her, since I could not hope to have any Converſation with her.

There happen'd then an extraordinary thing at *Adrianople*, and which is ſeldome ſeen among the *Turks*. The *Sultan* of *Egypt* had ſent a magnificent Embaſſie; and ſome rich Preſents to *Amurat*, who to ſhew his Grandure to Strangers, in the ſeat of his Empire gave them a publick Audience, that day the Women went from their *Seraglio*, to that of the *Sultan*'s adorned with the moſt precious things the *East* could afford, *Selimana*, the beloved, as I told you before, appeared ſhining with her Natural Beauty, and abundance of Ornaments; She was follow'd by a hundred, in the ſame Splendour, and by an infinite number of young Slaves, dreſſed with leſs Art, but certainly worthy of another Condition: To make this Spectacle ſeem the greater, they wore golden Chains, and they had been loaded with Eſſences and Baskets full of Flowers, which they

they spread in a great Hall, at whose end, the *Sultaness* sat upon rich Cushions, these Slaves stood round about them, and the Emperour sate upon a Splendid Throne, whose steps were occupy'd by his chiefest Officers.

After this manner, *Thopia*, we saw the Secret Court of *Amurat*, when the Turks and *Egyptians* had a free access to the Hall. *Selimana* sate in a higher place than the others, and her Beauty, as well as her Rank, distinguish'd her from the rest: But among the Slaves who were round about her, the young *Arianissa* neglected, and blushing, for appearing before so many witnesses, in a condition so unworthy of her, was remarkable, in spight of her self, for her Charms. I could not know her as being *Arianissa*; but my heart took notice of her, as of an Object which it was resolved to adore. And according to what I had conceived of her, upon *Aradin*'s Relation, I wished *Arianissa*, and that Slave might be the same; upon that account I abandoned my self to the Passion that possesses me, and which will never end.

I shall not relate to you what was done there, having taken no notice of

the Ceremony; *Arianissa* only had all my looks and my attention, neither did I mind whether *Selimana* cast her eyes upon me, as caring little for her Favour.

I ran to *Aradin* as soon as the Sultanesses and the Slaves were retired. Love which first had engaged me by the adventure I had had with *Mahomet*, made me feel now all its power: The Eunuch was amazed at the violence of my Passion, and was almost angry. *My dear* Scanderberg, said he to me, *you know me well enough, not to question the sincerity of my advices; what can you hope from an affection, whose consequences must needs be unfortunate? Fortune condemns* Arianissa *to be a Slave for ever; will you confine the Glory of your life in an hopeless Love? And don't you deserve to be blamed for the unreasonableness of the design? I confess,* Arianissa *is a Charming Person, and according to all probability her Birth is not mean: But what can you hope from her as long as she is in the* Seraglio, *where all things breathe only for* Amurat's *Pleasure? Can you snatch out* Arianissa *in spight of so many Persons, who watch always to satisfie the Emperour's jealousie? And will you not deserve*

her

his hatred, for breaking these Laws, the least violation of which deserves Death; reflect upon your self, Scanderberg, forget Arianissa, *who can ruine you. Consider you are a Prince designed for extraordinary things, and covered already with a Glory which you ought to preserve.*

This Discourse of *Aradin*, which his affection created, confounded my reason, but did not perswade my heart: My Love for *Arianissa* was too strong, and it could not be prevailed on by his Advices, no more than by my own Reflections; he perceived well my sad Condition, but seeing it was impossible to alter my mind, he exhorted me not to rule my Conduct according to my blind Passion, but to have a special regard to *Amurat*'s Severity, and to take my measures accordingly.

I felt all the griefs of Love, as soon as I knew *Arianissa*; the impossibility of seeing her was to me a most cruel pain, despair often makes us slight those things we desire to obtain, but the difficulties I met with here, did but inflame me the more.

As if the Obstacles before mentioned, had not been enough, there arose against me three formidable Rivals. The Em-

perour, who had never before look'd upon *Arianiſſa*, found her ſo Beautiful the day of the Publick Audience of the *Egyptians*, that *Selimana* ſeemed to him leſs Charming. Prince *Mahomet*, who had not till then entertain'd any other thought, but the fear of the common Fate of the Princes of his Blood, and who had carried himſelf ſo well, towards the *Sultan*, as not to give him any juſt cauſe of Anger or Jealouſie, paid to *Arianiſſa*'s Beauty, what was due to her from all tender Hearts. And *Muſtalman*, who ought to have reſted ſatisfy'd with the amorous intrigues, which either his Inclination or good Fortune had procured him, look'd upon her with the ſame eyes as we did.

I knew not for a long while their thoughts, and I was very careful to hide mine. *Mahomet* became melancholy; and for my part, I loved Solitude ſo much, that I could ſcarce caſt my eyes upon thoſe things which formerly had ſo much pleaſed me; we neglected our Warlike Exerciſes, we minded no more thoſe Pleaſures which we had been ſo deſirous of before, and Solitude was the only thing we ſought after: All admiſſion in the *Seraglio* of the Women being forbidden

forbidden to us, we were continually in the passages to it; where ever my Love guided me, I did meet there *Mahomet*: *Musselman* was happier than we, his Employ, whose Authority is almost unlimited, did give him access where we could not go, and we may think he made use of his advantages.

As I was used to spend most part of the day and night about those places, which hide *Ariamissa* from my sight, I did sometimes forget my self there. One night I tarried so long in the Emperour's Garden, which was next to that of the Women, that the Gates were shut up: All the *Bostangi*'s had retired, no body was up any longer in the *Seraglio*, no light appeared there, and I was fain to stay there till day, after I had endeavoured to no purpose to get out towards the Sea.

As I was withdrawing in a retired place, to spend there the rest of the night, I saw a man crossing the great Flower Garden, and marching towards me with all possible haste: By avoiding him, I had confest my self guilty, therefore going towards him, I perceived it was the Emperour. *What do you do here*, Scanderberg, said he to me, *with a*

vere Countenance? being bred up in our Palaces, and well instructed with our Customs, ought you to shew this Example of boldness to so many Persons, who can make an ill use of it, and have you some secret design against my Rest, my Life, or my Authority? I have nothing to say to thy Highness for my Justification, answered I, and I appear guilty enough, to deserve thy indignation; but I must say this, that a melancholy humour is the cause of the fault for which thou blamest me, and I swear I have tarryed here minding not the place where I was. You are so dear to me, reply'd the Emperour, that I am concern'd with all your sorrows, and if you have any reason for any, not only I forgive you this fault, but shall do my endeavours to satisfie you. Thine Highness, said I, is too kind, and ought not to trouble it self about so small trifles; the want of Employment is the cause of my sorrow, and thy Highness, leaving nothing to do for us, makes my young Courage grumble at its being idle. You have done enough to desire Peace, and enjoy some Rest, reply'd the Sultan, but if your Valour wants exercise, I promise you some. Go home quietly, and expect from me such Employments, as are worthy of a Hero, who intends to surpass all the Ottomans.

I

I made a very humble bow to the Emperour, glad I had pacify'd him, and went away as he directed me; but that Night was to bring forth other adventures. Prince *Mahomet*, brought there by the same motives as I, had been also shut in, and we saw him coming towards us, thinking we were some *Bostangi's*, or *Eunuchs*: *Is this a fit time for you to be here*, said the angry Emperour to him, *and are you my Son, only to shew your self unworthy of being so?* The young Prince was struck with these words, he saw me, and thought concerning me the same thing I did concerning him. *I have sinned against my own will, My Lord*, answered he to the *Sultan*, *but I protest to thy Highness I shall come hither no more.* A third man who did steal behind the Hedge more slily than we had done, hinder'd the *Sultan's* reply; he did go towards the Womens Lodgings, a place which had always seem'd suspicious to *Amurat*, but chiefly now in the beginning of his new Passion; but his fear and vexation increased when he heard *Aviamisse's* fine voice, with which he was already acquainted, sing these words.

Go on, observe the Dictates of your Love,
The Favours of the shady night improve.
Suppress these sighs which from disorder flow,
And let your noble Flame yet higher grow,
Yield him your heart, his pleasing rules obey,
Who is a God, and does direct your way.

The *Sultan* felt then all the powers of jealousie, esteeming that Song to be the signal: we were guilty all three, and never did an innocent Adventure afford greater cause of suspiçion to a passionate Lover: He ran to the third Adventurer, and knew him presently to be *Musselman*, whom *Arianissa*'s voice had stopt.

None of us was a contemptible person, and tho' *Mahomet* and I had some advantages above *Musselman*, by reason of our Youth, and natural parts, yet his Authority in the Gardens might be of a great use to a forward man. Tho' the *Bostangi Bassa* had some priviledges and few set hours, yet *Amurat* thought him more guilty than us. *Musselman*, said he to him, with that pride which is natural to all the *Sultans*, *what brings*

you

you hither at an hour, when no duty requires your presence? Was it to introduce you to the Sultaneſſes, *that a Slave ſung juſt now, and do you leave your houſe only to come and trouble me in mine?*

Muſſelman was not amazed at this upbraiding, he is Naturally bold, and anſwering without any commotion, *I thought, my Lord*, reply'd he, *I could not have too much Zeal for thine Highneſs, and that all the hours of the day and night, were free for my Loyalty; by thy Kindneſs I command in the Gardens, but I know how to ſtay in mine, as ſoon as I ſhall perceive that my Services are ſuſpected.* I believe, ſaid the Emperor, *I ſhall not be able to unriddle this Miſtery; I will moderate my own Temper, let us retire, and let us be more careful for the future*: So we retired into the *Seraglio*: I don't queſtion but *Muſſelman* ſuſpected both the Prince's Love and mine. *Amurat* whom his reflect thoughts had brought to the Garden at that hour againſt his Cuſtome, doubled the Guards towards the *Seraglio* of the Women, and gave more ſevere orders to the *Eunuchs*, which ſome faithfully obſerved.

Aradin upbraided me the next day for my wandring: We concluded *Ma-*

homet

Ibame and *Muſſelman* were my Rivals, and hoping to cure me, he aſſured me the Emperour was deeply in Love with *Arianiſſa*: That Paſſion could not deſtroy mine, tho' it ruined all my hopes, I feared neither the Prince nor *Muſſelman*, whoſe condition was not better than mine: But I ought to fear all things from the *Sultan*, whoſe inclinations were violent, and whoſe will nothing was able to reſiſt. I ſighed for this with *Aradin*, I became more circumſpect before the Prince; and avoiding the Gardens, contented my ſelf with the Entertainment my Melancholy Thoughts enjoy'd upon the Sea Shoar.

I underſtood one day, that the Emperour was going to bathe with ſome *Sultaneſſes*, in a little Iſland, from *Adrianople* about an hours journey; he was uſed to take ſecretly ſuch Paſtimes, and then he would put off for a while all ſorts of Gravity; his Galley was ſo ſhut, that the *Sultaneſſes* could neither ſee nor be ſeen; it was led by ſome *Boſtangi's*, and *Muſſelman* by vertue of his place was at the head of them, but that honour procured him no advantage, ſince he could ſee nothing but his *Boſtangi's*.

But

[illegible] jealousie was so strong, that I went all along the Sea a very great way from *Adrianople*, and casting my looks as far as they could reach, I saw something over the water, carryed away by the stream: I thought I perceived a Vail, and believing it might be a Woman ready to be drowned, I threw my self presently into the water, and using my little Skill, I swam with all possible diligence, and took really into my Arms a woman, who was almost choak'd.

I doubled my efforts to get to the Shore, and as soon as I was there, I perceived it was *Arianisse*: You may judge, Dear *Thopia*, what was my grief when I saw the only thing that was dear to me, in such a lamentable condition, *Mercileſs Fate*, cry'd I, *ought you to have offered her to me in ſuch a condition? O fair, but unwiſe* Arianiſſe, *why did you ſeek your death, in ſo little important a Pleaſure?* This transport of mine did not hinder me from assisting her. I lifted her head, and bending a little the rest of her body, abundance of water rushed out of it, and within a short while, she recovered her Breath; this relief called again the

natural

natural heat which seem'd to have forsaken her, and drove away part of my Allarms; after a deep sigh, she open'd her Eyes, and seeing her self alone with a man, having but a thin gown on, she was willing to change her posture. Knowing her Design, and desirous to please her, I let her set down upon the Grass, and seeing she was able to understand me; *Fair* Arianissa, said I, *that Fate which hath exposed your Life, hath been favourable to my Affection, but let not this adventure trouble you, since* Scanderberg *would sooner lose his Life, than his respect towards your Person.*

Arianissa sighed twice or thrice, and was some while without answering me, but at last she reply'd: *Tho' my Life be not dear to me, My Lord, I am not the less beholding to you; if you had not been so generous, you had freed me from many Misfortunes; but you could not have guess my condition.* I was as much moved with *Arianissa*'s words, as with her languishing Charms. *I know not what Fate Heaven designs for you, but I shall think my self happy for ever, since I have been serviceable to you; in another time, and under another Government, I should take other measures, and should not let you*

know

know my Love, and my Services and Respect had sufficiently demonstrated it; and deserved your consent; but as things stand now, how is it possible to see you in a Palace, where we can have no admission? and how can one speak with you, since it is in vain to hope to come near you? I love you, I am forced to acquaint you with it, and if this free Confession renders me guilty, I shall never repine at my Punishment. I was the same before I had seen you, and I adored your Vertue, without knowing your Person. What Discourse is this, My Lord, interrupted *Arianissa,* with a charming Sweetness? *Is this to try me? Do you consider that I am a Slave, subject to the Emperour of the* Turks, *loaded with Chains by* Selimana, *and who likely shall not see you any more in all her life time? as for your present condition,* said I, *it is an injury of Fortune, which may easily be repaired, and if you desire to put an end to your Captivity, do but trust me, and follow me. What can you do, Scanderberg,* cry'd that fair Captive? *You have Valour enough to overcome* Amurat's *Enemies, but you are not strong enough to deliver me from his Tyranny.*

I had done, may be, more than *Arianissa*

wife could hope for, if on one hand *Amurat*, who had followed my steps, had not arrived near us, and on the other, we had not seen the Emperour's Galley, returning to *Constantinople* grievously afflicted, to have seen *Arianissa* carried away by the Stream wherein she had fallen, advancing too far in the Bath: Too happy *Scanderberg*, said the jealous Prince to me, why don't you content your self with *Selimana*'s Favours? *I* was vexed at this Discourse, and *Arianissa* Blushed: *I* saw the young *Sultan* had no mind to oblige me, but I had not time to let him know my anger. *Amurat*, in a kind of Despair, whose eyes sought *Arianissa* every where, perceived us upon the Shore, and came to deprive me of what *I* had acquired, with the hazard of my own life: He told me confusedly, *I* had done him a good piece of Service; and *Arianissa*, passing into the Galley, assured me by a kind look, she was not insensible of what *I* had done for her. *I* cannot express what my amorous heart suffered at this parting. Tho' I had feared it, yet *I* thought it would not be so sudden, and *I* could hardly hide my sorrow.

Scanderberg,

Scanderberg, said *Mahomet* to me, we are both in Love with *Arianissa*, but tho' the Laws render our Fortunes equal, by forbidding us from seeing her, yet you have some advantages that may comfort you for that Misfortune. *I* could deny to you, what are my Sentiments, concerning *Arianissa*, answered *I*, since any generous man ought to have done what *I* did, and that *I* knew not it was she, when I went about to serve her, but I cannot dissemble, and *I* must confess that I love her. *I* perceived, My Lord, you were my Rival, and a jealous Rival too, who cared not to oblige me, when you spoke to me concerning *Selenusa*. Can you wonder, *I* should promote my own heart's interest, reply'd the young *Sultan*? *Arianissa* is not beloved by the Emperour, and were you not my Rival, may be *I* should have none. You are mistaken, *Mahomet*, added *I*, the Emperour has changed his Love: What is he in Love with *Arianissa*, reply'd he? Yes, said *I*. Alas! continued he sighing, what hope can flatter us? and suppose we should follow the advices of the most violent jealousie, what advantage will that afford us? Then

we

we entered into *Adrianople*, where the Emperour was already returned, and we put an end to our Discourse.

I met *Aradin* who was looking for me, knowing what had past. Having done so much for my person, said I to him, embracing him, will you attempt nothing for my rest? will you abandon me to those sorrows, that Love threatens me with? and will all your acquaintance in the *Seraglio* prove fruitless? I ought to employ them only for the *Sultan*'s Service, reply'd *Aradin*, and my Zeal can afford you but a weak assistance; tho' you are infinitely dear to me, I am forced to see you suffer, without attempting any thing in your behalf. I see *Amurat* is mad because you have seen *Arianissa*, he fears without knowing why, and we shall become Slaves to his jealousie. Is that your way of comforting me, dear *Aradin*, cry'd I? But what will you have, reply'd the Eunuch, and what can one do under a Master so powerful, and so formidable as *Amurat*? Do you think *Arianissa* will be able to resist him? and suppose she had no real Love for him, she must still fear and obey

him.

him. *Aradin*'s discourse, filled my mind with so dreadful Ideas, that I was like to dye for Grief, and he saw me so much afflicted, that he could not deny me the Favour of carrying a Letter from me to *Arianissa*. 'Tis likely I shall pay dear enough, said he, for what I am going to do for you; but I shall easily comfort my self, if you are fully perswaded of my sincere Friendship. I embraced *Aradin*, and having wrote what Love dictated to me, I delivered the Billet to his care: There are but these few words in it.

The Prince *Scanderberg* to *Arianissa*.

I Could wish, fair Arianissa, for my heart's rest, that you were less amiable, or less beloved; pity me for having so many misfortunes to suffer, and so many Enemies to overcome: You cannot but be sorry for my condition, since for the reward of my Passionate and Faithful Heart, which I present you with, the only thing I ask, is the leave of telling you, I shall adore you for ever.

The

The officious *Aradin* took all the I
maginable care to come near *Arianiſſa*,
but he could not that day, ſhe was ſo
wearied by her laſt Misfortune, tha
ſhe was forced to keep her Bed. Th
Emperour took no longer any care to
hide his new Paſſion, but owned it pub
lickly. *Arianiſſa* had a private Apart
ment for her ſelf; and *Selimana*, tor
mented with other cares, was not ſen
ſible at firſt of the ſhame of being for
ſaken.

But *Arianiſſa* was inſenſible of the
marks of the *Sultan*'s Love, ſo much
wiſhed for by the other Women of the
Seraglio. *Amurat* ſighed like other
Lovers at the firſt growth of his Paſ
ſion; after that he would fain go far
ther: But *Arianiſſa* was equally diſ
pleaſed with his Sighs and Haughti
neſs, and ſhewed a repugnancy which
he little expected, and which was look'd
upon by him as a Prodigy in a Girl
of her Age and condition; the more
becauſe his violent deſires had never
met before with ſuch a reſiſtance.

Aradin, a zealous and diligent Friend,
perform'd his errand as ſoon as he
could; he found *Arianiſſa* alone, me
lancholy, and thinking doubtleſs upon

what

what she was to suffer from the Sultan. Fair *Ariamissa*, said he to her, all moments are here precious, and I ought not to neglect them. *Scanderberg*, famous for his Valour, and remarkable for his rare and great Qualities, (forgive me, *Thalpia* if I use *Aradin*'s words, to avoid all digressions) *Scanderberg*, say I, kept far from you by a barbarous Law, desires you might know his Zeal and Constancy; and to that purpose he is forced to make use of this innocent means. Then the Eunuch offered her the Billet: But she who knew not our intimate friendship thought he was come to try her. These Intreagues are not allowed in the Seraglio, answered she; we might pay both dear enough for them, and your Master is not so kind a Prince as to permit them. Leave off therefore this Playing, which cannot but displease me, and may prove fatal to your self: And believe, that I care neither to love nor to be loved. You may suspect me of Perfideousness, replyed *Aradin*, seeing it is so common among the *Turks*, and because I am altogether unknown to you. But, *Ariamissa*, do not entertain such a thought concerning me; and do not wrong so far

far the Prince *Scanderberg*; he love you, and you cannot, but with a Cr elty blame-worthy, deny him the favou to read what he writes to you. *Aria niſſa*, after a long reſiſtance, took a laſt the Paper, and kept her eyes fix'd upon it a conſiderable while; ſo that likely ſhe read it more than once. *A radin* obſerved her, and told me af terwards, that he had perceiv'd in he looks a trouble which favoured me, tha ſhe had ſighed, and ſeem'd to fee ſome tender motions in her heart; and conſidering her and my own condition ſhe had ſaid, alas, *Aradin*, what ca the Prince *Scanderberg* expect from me who can diſpoſe of nothing, and find my ſelf bound in that unfortunate place where my ill Fortune detains me? All his deſire, replyed *Aradin*, is, you would permit him to love you, and that your kindneſs might be concerned in all his misfortunes. Suppoſe I ſhould do what he deſires, added *Arianiſſa*, would his condition be the happier? Bid him, ſooner forget me, and if he finds in me any thing that deſerves his affection, let him conſider, that all ſort of Converſation is forbidden us; let him take care, not to attempt any ha

zardous enterprize that may either undo him or endanger my self; let him be careful chiefly of his own life. *Arianiſſa*, interrupted *Aradin*, is your heart ſo much concerned for his life as to deſire its preſervation? Ask me no ſuch queſtions, replyed the fair Slave bluſhing, and do only what I bid you. *Arianiſſa*, ſaid the officious *Aradin*, one word from your hand would do more with him than any thing I can tell him. You ask for too much, replyed *Arianiſſa*, and you know your ſelf, I ought not to do what you deſire; that all things are dangerous here, and that very often the moſt ſecret Actions become publick. I tremble even now for reaſon of this converſation; be gone, *Aradin*, and leave me to my dreadful ſorrow. I leave you to the *Sultan*'s love, replyed *Aradin*. Cruel misfortune of my Life, and cauſe of all my Miſeries, cryed *Arianiſſa*; how dearly have I paid for that love which I abhor? and what ſorrows I am like to ſuffer upon its account? Some body coming, obliged them to part. *Arianiſſa* kept my Letter, and *Aradin* came to me to acquaint me with what had paſs'd.

The Emperour's love was too violent not to be followed by an extraordinary jealousie; his suspicions increased excessively; and considering *Ariana's* coldness, he thought that either her heart was not free when she came to the Seraglio, or that since she had fallen in love. His meeting me in the Gardens, my good fortune upon the Sea-shoar, and my deep melancholy, which I was no more able to hide, rais'd great suspicions in his mind. And though my condition was but little different from *Mussulman's*, or the Prince's, yet I seem'd to him more formidable than they, by reason of my good Fortune. He observ'd carefully all my steps, took notice of my Eyes, which were always turned towards the Seraglio, explained to himself the meaning of my troubles, and of my Sighs; and in a word, did not question but I was in love. You may easily conjecture whether it was an easie matter for me to attempt anything, being watch'd by such an *Argus*, *Aradin*, who perceived his jealousie, was continually advising me how I ought to steer my Conduct, and in this uneasie condition I spent many sad and useless days.

But

But, Sir, I was not the only Man who was troubled. *Mahomet* loved exceedingly *Arianessa*: The same Passion wholly possess'd *Mahomet*; and *Selimana* being forsaken by the Emperor, began to be sensible of the injury done her Beauty, and thought the only way to be revenged, was to get a new Lover.

There is always a prodigious number of Eunuchs in the *Seraglio*, whose duty is to observe the Sultanesses, and to serve them, and those are pickt out from among the ugliest. *Selimana*'s favour had gained her the zeal of the most considerable of them: *Amaldan* had always stuck to her interest; and since *Amurat*'s new Passion gave her time to mind her own, she manag'd so well the Eunuch's Zeal, that he was willing to do her any Service.

Amaldan was about forty years old, he was black and ugly, but witty and bold, and in a word, a fit Confident to serve *Selimana*: It had look'd a little odd, if he had acquainted me without any more ado with *Selimana*'s tender affection. She knew not what the Prince and I had heard, and therefore she could make no use of that Adventure; had she directly written to me, it was

likely my Heart had not been pleas
with that freedom; she therefore wi
ly relyed upon *Amaldar*'s wit: Hav
been bred up a Schollar, he underst
Greek perfectly well, and was well
nough acquainted with the niceties
Poetry; he thought therefore his be
way at first, was to shew me some wi
ty Verses; and having made some fit f
his purpose, he accosted me upon a Te
rass in the great *Seraglio*'s Garden
where, in a melancholly Humour, I w
looking upon the Stream that water
the foot of the Walls. Who coul
believe, my Lord, said he to me, th
a Prince of your Age and Parts woul
seek solitary places without being
love? Was your Heart free, you wou
not shun with so much care other Men
Conversation. I beg your pardon, m
Lord, for my boldness; but your nat
ral bounty will excuse this freedo
which is not ordinarily used toward
Persons of your rank, but in whatever
condition you are, either free, or no
those that honour you as much as I do
ought to do always their endeavours t
divert you. I blushed, hearing *Amalda*
speak thus, fearing lest he should suspe
something. My Lord, said he then, one
doe

does not blush except he hath some reason for it, and this commotion proceeds likely from your Heart. But without piercing too far into a Secret which I ought to reverence, give me leave to consult you upon a nice point. And then he offered me some Verses, which I could not deny to read, and which I remember yet, they were those:

Love, like a dangerous Tyrant still appears,
His fancy'd Laws sound harsh to tender Ears.
Women, if fair, we must avoid, they say,
Like fatal Rocks at Sea, which oft destroy.
Such feign'd Advice puts out the glowing Fire,
And turns the edge of ev'ry brisk Desire.
The Fears of Shipwrack thus the fancy rove,
And fright the Youth from off the Seas of Love.
But when he sees the way before him's clear,
When he is chose and loved, what needs he fear?

If he would then enjoy a happy State,
He must give up his yielding Heart to
Fate:
When he is Conqueror own'd, then Arms
are vain;
To use the Conquest is the sweetest gain.
The greater then his Zeal does prove,
The more's the glory of his Love.

I lik'd them well enough, and I read them more than once; but I never suspected the meaning of them. *Amaldan* was glad I was pleased with them, and thought it was now time for him to trust me with his Secret. Is it not true, my Lord, that Love is commonly drawn after a strange manner? and that, if we will hearken to the Wits, it is a dreadful Monster, which ought carefully to be avoided? I confess, it appears unpleasant to those that have nothing that renders them worthy to be beloved, but I imagine thousands of Charms in the sincere and tender love of two Hearts. I must confess, said I to *Amaldan*, that your Verses and your Opinion seem to me to be in the right; but I am so little versed in Love Matters, that I am no competent Judge of its Effects. My Lord, reply'd the Eunuch, when you please

please you may be a great proficient therein, and I know a certain way for that purpose. I cannot dissemble with a Prince, as discreet as you are. I'll tell you therefore, you are loved by *Selimana*, *Amurat*'s beloved Sultaness; she acquaints you, what way it is best for you to follow, by her order I speak to you, and you ought not to be discouraged at the *Seraglio*'s Maximes, since I can overcome the greatest Difficulties. I did not expect such a Complement from *Amaldan*, which did not answer my Inclinations, and I was a little while without answering him. You bring your self into no danger by your freedom, said I at last to him. I take it for a token of your Esteem and Friendship, nor am I willing to make an ill use of it. *Selimana* may be fair and kind, but *Amurat* is a formidable Prince, and my Loyalty obliges me to all sorts of respects. You don't speak, reply'd the Eunuch smiling, like a young Prince favour'd by Love, but like a fearful Politician, or a morose Philosopher. This modesty which ought to be praised in a Dervise, seems to me in you the strangest things in the world; what can all *Amurat*'s power do, since your beloved *Scanderberg*'s Pleasures

easily obtained, loſe much of their ſweetneſs? Beſides, was I not certain to ſerve you, I am not ſo much out of love with my own life, as to expoſe myſelf to an unavoidable Death: Let me then be your Guide, and truſt me with the carrying on of your Intregue. All *Amaldan*'s fair words could not perſuade me to it. I was not willing to expoſe my ſelf to ſo many Dangers for *Selima*'s ſake, and I alledged ſtill in my Defence, Cuſtom, and my Loyalty to the Emperor.

Amaldan did not acquaint the Sultaneſs with the unhappy iſſue of his firſt Negotiation, leſt he ſhould drive her into Deſpair; her hatred againſt *Amurat* increaſed, as his love for *Arianiſſa*; ſhe was capable of any violent Action, had not *Amaldan* allay'd her Rage.

Prince *Mahomet*, who ſeem'd to act nothing, and *Muſulman*, whoſe proceedings were very ſecret, had nevertheleſs ſome private Intelligences, and gained ſome Friends in the *Seraglio*. Covetouſneſs is ſo natural to the *Turks*, that Intereſt often makes void the ſeverity of their Laws. *Boſtangi Baſſi* being a rich Man, gained by his liberality almoſt all the Eunuchs; and except *Aradin* whoſe

Honeſty

Beauty was proof against all temptation, the rest yielded easily to his Gold; having a free occasion in the Gardens, he could freely Converse with them; he intrusted the cunning *Amaldan* with his Passion for *Arianissa*. Another had been started at this Proposition. But *Amaldan* harken'd to it without the least Commotion, and his exaggerating to the grand Gardner, the difficulties they should meet with, was only to set an higher value upon his Services.

You may judge, *Thopia*, thereby, how Pernicious is idleness; had the *Eunuchs* a different Employment from that of observing the Women in the *Seraglio*, they should never apply themselves to barter their Favours.

Amaldan, who knew *Arianissa* well enough, to perceive her good Nature, feared not in the least to be punished by her for his boldness. He did *Malsaron*'s Errant, as *Aradin* had done mine, and represented the *Bostangi Bassi*'s Passion to her, as the only way to free her from her slavery; she did not entertain him as she had done *Aradin*, but with a Noble Pride, she let him understand that it was in vain for the grand Gardner to hope any thing from

her. The covetous *Amaldan* was troubled at this, and was not such a Fool as to discourage any body, as long as he could obtain his Ends. He resolved in spight of my self, to bring me one Night into *Selimana*'s company; and little solicitous of her Honour or Fortune, so he might satisfie himself. He trusted *Musulman* with this Secret. He told him that if he could bring me into the private Gardens, for himself, he would get *Selimana* and *Arianissa* to take a walk, which might be favourable to us, making the grand Gardner believe, that I was in love with the *Sultaness*, and that fear only hindred me from courting her. *Musulman*, who had suspected I loved *Arianissa*, was glad to understand this Mistery, and promised to do whatever *Amaldan* desired.

The grand Gardner was well enough acquainted with the Maxims of the Country; the effects of which he ought to fear, but his Love prevailed over his Reason. He found me out, as he had promised to *Amaldan*, and asked me, whether I was willing to walk. I could not guess his intentions; and tho' I looked upon him as my Rival, yet, at last I followed him. We

We took many turns in the Seraglio's Garden, and the *Bostangi Bassi*, who was well acquainted with all the by-ways, brought me into that of the Women, through a door which we found open'd; I was not sensible at first of my wandring, but coming near a labyrinth which I had not seen since my Infancy, I was surprised to see my self in that place. *You are mistaker, or you have a mind to ruine me*, said I to *Musulman, and these places are not free for such persons as we. Do you think I am capable of betraying you?* Answered *Musulman, and do you believe I shall not share here the same Fortune with you? Your presence is desired by* Selimana, *and her kindness will protect you.* As I was going to answer, displeased with his proceedings, we saw Prince *Mahomet* coming, who had no more priviledge than we, and who was not there without some Design. He was as much surprised as we. We could not think but we were guilty all three; yet prudence would have us hide our Resentments, and had we had a mind to fall out, we had been hindered by *Abuci* the Eunuch, who had introduced the young *Sultan*, and who knew nothing

of our being there. My Lord, [illegible] he to him, loud enough to be heard by [illegible] *Arianiſſa* is coming, make uſe of [illegible] a favourable moment. *Abuki* went [illegible] way, and *Arianiſſa*, who had [illegible] from *Selimana*, came. Tho' Night [illegible] priv'd us of the ſight of her Charms, yet by reaſon of its favourable ſilence we could the better hear her ſighs. *Muſulman* curbed by *Mahomet*'s preſence did not enjoy the happineſs he hoped for. And the Prince in a maze by reaſon of *Abuki*'s diſcourſe, tarried in the ſame place. For thy part, I was at a ſtand. *Arianiſſa* ſat her ſelf down upon the graſs, and thinking ſhe was heard by no body, ſhe let go the ſad Complaints. Unfortunate *Arianiſſa*, *ſaid ſhe*, Princeſs expos'd to everlaſting Sufferings, what canſt thou expect from *Amurat*? What canſt thou do for *Scanderberg*? Did Cruel Fate take thee from *Albania*, to offer him here too Charming for thy Reſt? *Captive*, why don't you ask all the Princes of the World ſome Succour, to deliver ſuch an Illuſtrious Son from thoſe Hands, who likely, for a Reward of his Glorious Exploits, will one day ſacrifice him.

Theſe

These *Arianiſſa*'s words made a deep impreſſion upon both our Hearts. But, *Thopia*, thoſe two Rivals were not the only I ought to fear, a third more formidable heard them. *Amurat* acquainted by ſome Traytor, that *Soliman* and *Arianiſſa* were in the Garden, was ſurpriſed at it, becauſe they were not uſed to go there, running therefore with all poſſible haſte, he heard what I have already told you. Perfidious *Arianiſſa*, *cryed he in a jealous rage*, thou telleſt every moment I ſee thee, and tho' thou haſt my moſt tender Affections, yet wiſheſt thou my Ruine. Thy imprudent Heart hath condemned *Scanderberg* to dye, and I will puniſh him for having pleaſed thee, as I ought to do. I am not afraid of thy Anger, *replyed the courageous Arianiſſa*, and I am ſo far from pacifying it, that I confirm to thee what thou haſt already heard by chance. A Power above thine will defend that Prince thou intendeſt to Oppreſs, and for my part, I ſhall be pleaſed better with Death than with thy Love.

About that time, *Thopia*, did the Emperor perceive us. I cannot expreſs his Rage to you. His Son, and

Muſulman

Musulman suffered but little by it. It fell heavy only upon me. Take away that Slave, said he, to a great man *Eunuchs*, and be responsible of the least of her Actions: and for thee, *said he, turning towards me*, Knave, and perfidious *Scanderberg*, unworthy Object of *Amurat*'s Favours, and the fatal cause of all his present grief, go, and expect such a death as thou deservest. If thine Injuries proceeds from thy jealousie, *answered I*, I forgive them upon that account, because that Passion is used to blind our Reason. Think of my moderation what thou pleasest, but know, that had any other Man spoke to me after this manner, besides thee, he should not escape unpunished.

The proud Emperor harkned no longer to me. He commanded I should be shut up in the dreadfullest Prison, thinking by what he had heard, *I* entertain'd some secret Correspondence with *Arianissa*. As for *Mahomet* and *Musulman*, he shew'd them only an angry Countenance, without Arresting them.

Selimana ran away hearing this noise, and *Amaldan* was not such a Fool as to come and shew his Face. As soon as we were out of the Gardens, *Amu-*

[illegible] was placed to [illegible]'s Apartment, that all admittance there became impossible.

I was shut up in a Dungeon, without seeing *Aradia*, whose my misfortune was like to cast into a despair. He understood the Adventure I have related to you, by *Amaldar*'s means, whose imprudence and disloyalty he much blamed. *Aradia* did not question the heaviness of my grief, in such a sorrowful place, where I had so many reasons of being afflicted. *Amurat* upbraided him with my pretended treachery, and accused him to have bred me up in those ill dispositions, being well acquainted with his Temper, he yielded to the first transports of his rage, pretended to condemn me, and by these means prevented his own disgrace. Having still his wonted freedom, he made use of it, he saw *Ariamisa* in spight of all her Observers, comforted her, and obliged her to write to me, acquainting her with my deplorable condition. She did not question in the least,

but

but I had heard him in the Garden, and therefore was the eaſier reſolved to it. Aranite ſent me this Note by one of my Guardians.

Arianiſſa *to the Prince* Scanderberg.

I Am fain to let you know I pity your misfortunes, and no conſideration can diſwade me from it; thoſe Powers that Tyrannize over you do not ſpare me. But, my Lord, I proteſt your Pains are my greateſt Evils; if this aſſurance may comfort you, you may intirely enjoy the pleaſure of it. I am concerned for your Reſt, I am grieved, and even weep for your misfortunes. Tho' I dare not tell you any thing as concerning my heart, you may nevertheleſs think thereupon what you ſuppoſe will the beſt ſatisfie you. This favour Arianiſſa *begs from you,* Arianiſſa, *Daughter to* Aranit Conino, *a Prince beloved by the King your Father.*

Having read this Letter, *I* was no longer ſenſible of the heavineſs of my Chains. *I* enjoyed my hearts deſire. *I* was beloved of *Arianiſſa*, born of one of the moſt Illuſtrious Families in *Albania*. *I* knew *Aranit*'s name, and tho'

I

I had but a feeble Idea of my Father's Court, yet *I* could remember him. It was quite impossible for me to answer *Arcantissa*'s Note. And all that *I* could do was to read it over a thousand times a day.

But, *Thopia*, Fortune, which intended to cross me, afflicted me still with new msifortunes. *I* learnt from that man whom *Aradin* had disposed to favour me, that my Father was dead, that *Amurat* was incensed against me, and to possess himself of *Castriot*'s Dominions, had poisoned my three Brothers, designing me for another Sacrifice; but altho' he was violent to excess; he durst not destroy me, in the Presence of the Turkish Souldiers, by whom *I* was loved, and who began to grumble at my Captivity.

Amurat's Cruelty produced in my heart that effect which could be reasonably expected; yet *I* must tell you, to justifie my resentments, that *I* never projected any Design against him, unworthy of a Man of Courage; all that *I* desired, was to see my self free, and to declare an open War against the proud *Sultan*, who regarded so little the Blood *I* had lost in his Service.

Whilst

Whilſt I was thus griev'd and perplexed, both by Nature and Love, the *Turks*, who had ſeen me venture my life for their Emperour's Glory, pityed my Fate, and demanded my Liberty. *Amurat* deſired my death, but feared the conſequences thereof, and therefore was obliged by reaſon of the Grumbling of the Nation, to put an end to my Captivity.

Going out of Priſon, I retired to *Acomat*, a young *Baſſa*, and the only Man amongſt the Turks, upon whoſe Friendſhip I did moſt rely. I met there with a generous reception; he approved my Reſentment, and adviſed me to go my ſelf, and upbraid the *Sultan* for his ungratefulneſs. But I could not abide his ſight, I could not think without horror on my Brothers death. My Mother's ſad condition, and the miſerable Life the young Princeſſes my Siſters lead in ſome retired place of *Albania*. I heard before it was long, the violent proceedings of the Emperor's Tyranny; I had a true Relation thereof from *Aradin*, whom I ſaw by *Acomat*'s means, he aſſured me alſo of *Arianiſſa*'s kindneſs towards me, and added, that tho' the

the *Sultan*'s Rage had not fall'n so heavy upon *Mahomet* or *Musidman* as upon me, yet they had smarted for his Jealousie.

Tho' I was fully at liberty, I did not know what to resolve. *Amurat* had possess'd himself of all my Dominions, and the only thing I could own, was my Sword; after a long Consultation with *Acomat* and *Aradin*, at last I intended to depart, tho' I felt a great reluctancy in leaving *Arianissa*.

Tho' I had conceived a mortal hatred against *Amurat*, yet I resolved to speak to him. I met him one day, as he was going out of the *Divan*. He had been vexed at some important deliberation there, and displeased with *Arianissa*'s continual rigour, so that one could easily read his Rage in his Eyes. *I thought*, said he, *you should make a better use of the Liberty I granted you at* Adrianople, *than to offer your self to my presence, and that your remorse should free me from the sight of such an odious Object*. This Discourse, like the *Ottoman* Pride, was too outragious to me, to be born patiently. *If thine ungrateful Eyes had never seen me*, answered I, *it is likely you had paid dear*

enough

enough for it. You are no longer an Hostage, interrupted the unjust *Amurat*, *but a Captive, of whom the* Janissaries *are to be responsible. If thou hadst considered Hostages as sacred*, replyed I, *thou hadst never poison'd my Brothers, and nothing can hide the Horror of this Barbarous action from Posterity. I pity thy young age*, replyed the Sultan, with a scornful smile, *and the trouble thou takest of describing my Actions, deserves a fit Reward; get far from me and* Arianissa, *and repent of having offended me. I swear to thee by our most Holy Laws, I shall never call thee back again.*

So he left me spightfully. I saw presently, that it was now time for me to depart, and to perform for my own Family, and that of *Arianissa* what Honour required from me; it was impossible for me to see that Charming Beauty, whom *I* recommended a thousand times to the care of the Affectionate *Aradin*.

Amurat, to cloak his injustice, and not to disoblige the *Janissaries*, who had declared themselves my Protectors, offered me by *Orcan*, his Favourite, and already Grand *Visier*, in the room of the deceased *Hersecoli*, the Command

of

of [illegible] entrance of [illegible], and [illegible] to tarry there for his Orders, thinking *I* should never attempt any thing against him, since all the Garrisons in *Epirus*, and *Albania* were filled up with *Turks*. *Aradin* did not question but *Amurat's* design was to shut me up in some remote Fortress. *Croya* it self seemed well affected for him, notwithstanding all the Efforts of the Princes Loyal to our Interest.

But, *Thopia*, as *I* was ready to depart, seeming to accept of *Amurat's* proffer, Fortune procured me the happiness of seeing *Arianissa* once more.

There happenned one night a fire in the *Seraglio*, *Musulman* was suspected to be the Author of it. It increased so much, that it cast all *Adrianople* into a great Consternation. The Appartment of the Women began to burn, and the like Confusion was never seen; they laboured but in vain to put it out in the Emperor's presence, who encouraged those that laboured; all the Water of the Sea, Channels, and Rivers, had never been able to save *Arianissa*, had I not shewed my self more eager, and more Couragious than the rest.

You

You may judge how much I was affrighted at this Accident, and with what haſte I ran to aſſiſt her. All the *Janiſſaries*, *Spahis*, and other Souldiers, and all the Officers of the *Seraglio* were buſied in quenching the Flame, but durſt not venture any farther to ſave the Women threatned with a cruel Death. *Amurat*'s fair Promiſes were in vain, fear rendred them all deaf to his words, and I was the only Man whom Love emboldened; I ran upon high Piles of burning Cinders to the Gallery, where the Women with the *Eunuchs* expected their laſt hour. And moſt part of them did cry after a ſtrange rate, for fear of Death. *Selimana* her ſelf looked very pale and fearful. But *Arianiſſa* preſerved ſtill her mageſtick and ſerene Countenance, and look'd upon death without the leaſt Commotion. As ſoon as *Selimana* perceived me, ſhe came to truſt her ſelf into my arms, but ſhe found them not opened. *Aradin, ſaid I to the Eunuch who had followed me*, ſave the beloved *Sultaneſs*, whilſt I ſhall endeavour to do the ſame to ſome more expoſed Perſon; he took her away, and I ran to *Arianiſſa*, who had obſerved my behaviour, and I carried her away eaſily;

easily reproaching the Emperor with their weakness, and exhorting them to do the same to the rest.

Mahomet and *Ibrahaman*, who had seen me going into the *Seraglio*, were ashamed to stay idle, and not follow my Example, but I was more diligent than they, and brought *Arianissa* into a safe place. I pass'd softly towards the Gardens to converse with her in Secret, whil'st the faithful *Aradin* carried *Solimana* into another place.

Arianissa was almost choaked with the smoak, and tho' she had the advantage of a purer Air, yet she could not suddenly recover her lost Speech; I had also suffered much by it, and all my Cloths were spoiled; but the pleasure of being with *Arianissa* did not permit me to reflect on such an inconsiderable loss. I think, my Lord, *said she to me, when she was a little recovered*, that Heaven had design'd you for the preservation of my Life; for as often as it is threatned with a danger, you hazard your own to secure it. How fortunate should I esteem my self, *Scanderberg*, if I could acquit my self of those great Obligations. Tho' you prolong but an unfortunate Life, yet

that

that do's not leſſen the dangers to which you expoſe your ſelf. Madam interrupted I, had I done a thouſand times more, you ſhould not be beholding in the leaſt to me, your dangers are mine own, and acting for your Security, I promote my own reſt. Alas *Arianiſſa*, let not your kindneſs buſie it ſelf in taking notice of ſuch ſmall Services; but conſider rather, how grievous your abſence will prove to me, you know *Amurat*'s barbarous proceedings towards our Family; my Mother ſtript of all her Eſtate and Dignity, leads an uncomfortable life, in ſome corner of *Albania*, with her Daughters, and the illuſtrious *Aranit*, that Prince your worthy Progenitor, is forced to ſubmit to a Foreign Power.

Arianiſſa was ſenſibly moved at my Diſcourſe, and her Tears teſtified it. Go, my Lord, into *Albania*, anſwered ſhe ſadly to me, revenge your Royal Blood, deliver thoſe great Princeſſes, whoſe only comfort you are, poſſeſs your ſelf of *Caſtriot*'s Throne, protect *Aranit*, and never forget *Arianiſſa*. If you were willing, Madam, replied I, I ſhould not fly alone. Alas! my Lord, anſwered ſhe, I could follow you with-

out

out repugnancy, was it possible for you to take me from hence; but such an attempt can never succeed well here at *Andrinople*. To prevent those Griefs and Alarms which absence might produce in you, I pass my word to you, I shall resist the Emperour; let him pray or threaten, 'tis all one. I embraced then *Arianissa*'s Knees, and could not refrain Tears. I swore an inviolable Constancy to her, and I bade her Adieu for the last time, I went away according to her Command, for fear of being surprized with her.

I went to *Aradin*, and to *Bassa Acomat*, and I acquainted them with what had pass'd: The fire was put out, the *Sultanesses* shut up again, and *Arianissa* more closely than the rest: At last I departed from *Andrinople*, recommending my Amorous concerns to *Aradin*; and instead of going to the place appointed to me by *Amurat*, I entered *Albania* with three hundred men, who came over to my party: There I performed those happy Atchievements which have amazed the whole world; I turned the *Ottoman* Power out of *Croya*, and other places of *Albania*, where I was proclaimed King: the

the Valiant *Aradin*, Loyal to Our Blood, and concerned for his dear *Arianissa*, did for me all that I could expect from an affectionate Father. *Vranus*, Illustrious both for his Birth and Merit, stuck very close to me. I did not enjoy the pleasure of seeing my Mother again, who was dead for grief, she had given three Illustrious Husbands to three of my Sisters, and *Amissa* only was not marry'd.

Amurat fell into a rage, as soon as he heard my advantages, and saw himself deprived in few days of a great number of fine Provinces. He sent a prodigious Army to regain them. But first I defeated *Sebasia*, and afterwards *Alibeg*, who commanded fourty thousand Men. After this, I won an immortal Fame in *Varna*'s Battel: *Amurat* wrote to me like a Master, and *I* answer'd him like a King, who despised him. In one word, without mentioning all other passages, *Amurat* came in person, followed by a numberless Army, after I had defeated *Mustapha* his *Bassa*.

I could never learn since *Arianissa*'s condition, tho' I have done all my endeavours to be instructed by those *Turks* who are faln into our hands, because they

know but little what *Amurat* does. I have been told only, that he is loved ſtill, that *Muſulman* is diſgraced, and abſent, and that *Mahomet* does not well agree with his Father. You know, *Thopia*, what has paſt ſince we ſaw *Amurat* about *Croya*, and by my laſt cruel adventure you may judge of my grief.

Here the King of *Albania* made an end of his Diſcourſe, and ſighed after ſuch a manner, that *Thopia*, who really loved him, could not but pity him. *Scanderberg* was not concerned alone for *Arianiſſa*'s misfortunes. *Aranit*, her loving Father, had been extreamly ſenſible of her Captivity, and coming to ſee *Scanderberg*, he heard the cauſe of his extraordinary ſadneſs. We muſt all die, my Lord, ſaid he to *Arianiſſa*'s Father; but before we die, let us render our Arms formidable to *Amurat*, let us return on him that terrour he ſtrikes into our hearts, and let whole Torrents of Turkiſh blood waſh off the Crime committed againſt the innocent *Arianiſſa*.

Scanderberg was not able to go on. *Thopia* informed Prince *Aranit*, what was the reaſon of his cruel rage, he was amazed at it, but could not believe what he feared was true. My Lord,

ſaid he to the King, *Amurat's*
a ſign of his rage; but it is like
Command hath not been executed:
I cannot imagine, Heavens Juſtice co
permit ſuch a Sacrifice. If *Araniſſa*
dead, we ſhall have time enough to
wail her loſs; in the mean time, let
inform our ſelves about her Deſti
Aranit's Conſtancy, who could not
accuſed of loving coldly the moſt ami
ble Daughter in the World, pacified
little *Scanderberg*. Well, ſaid he,
us get ſome inſtructions about that, b
let it be with our Arms, and all o
Forces. If our Subjects deſire to ſee
glorious Battel, let them come to th
Go, *Thopia*, ſaid he to the young Prin
encourage the Army to do its dut
carry there mine Orders, and th
News of my Diſpleaſure: do not leſſ
to them the height of my grief: An
mate the Captains and Souldiers, a
help me to go in a Conqueſt.

Thopia obey'd the King's Orders, a
within a ſhort time *Scanderberg*'s Apa
ment was filled with Perſons of Quali
who were ready to ſignalize their V
lour, ſeeing him reſolved to at
the *Turks* in their Retrenchments
what time and poſture ſoever. *Tho*

Commo

of Age shew'd all the vigour desired in a man of younger years. The famous *Ducagini*, the renowned *Spani*, *Dusmani*, *Zacharia*, *Cernoniqui*, and many others appeared at the head of their *Albanian Forces*. The orders having been given every where, the invincible *Scanderberg* appeared at the head of his Army wearing black Feathers; there was to be seen such a mixture of grief and pride in his Eyes, that his sight would move some to pity, and strike terror into Others. Having cast his looks upon his Forces, and having observed the constancy, which appeared in the least of his Souldiers, *Arianissa*, *said he*, *sighing*, your precious blood will be expiated by that of your barbarous murthers. After that he spake thus to them.

Generous Princes, Valiant Captains, brave Souldiers, Loyal Subjects of Epirus, *and* Albania; *he that speaks to you, is going to lead you against an Enemy, who might affright another Nation, and trusts your noble Courage with his Glory and Revenge. Arianissa was born amongst you, you know her illustrious Family; and Ar-*

nit's actions have made him famous all the World over: you are to fight to day for the innocent blood of that illustrious, but unfortunate Princess; let the Daughters Condition, the Fathers Sorrow, and the Lovers Dispair, inspire you with an extraordinary Bravery. You want no examples, but have you need of any, Scanderberg *may shew you some, worthy to be follow'd, come, Freinds, let us vanquish or dye for* Arianissa. When he had said these words, he let his Horse go, and the rest of that mighty Body followed his motions.

The Scouts of the *Sultan*'s Camp soon discovered *Scanderberg*'s March, and brought word to *Amurat*. He was well experienced in Warlike Matters, and knew well what he ought to do. *Orcan* brought his orders to the rest of his Officers. Every one went where his presence was required, and *Sultan Mahomet*, hating *Scanderberg*, and desiring to keep in his Fathers favour, appeared the readiest, and the willingest to fight. *Aconot*, the King of *Albania*'s generous Friend, did not go there to fight against him. There was as many Souldiers left in the Camp, as were necessary to secure it, and all the other

Forces

Forces, which were to encounter *Scanderberg* went out.

As soon as he perceived their Standard, he sent forth a Cry, which was answered by all his Men; and with a threatning Look, and naked Sword, he went to meet the Enemy.

The *Turks*, who had seen him vanquish so often, trembled at his first sight. *Amurat* himself, notwithstanding all his Pride and Cruelty, was much concerned. *Mahomet*, jealous of *Scanderberg*'s Glory, and of the other advantages he had above him, aspired to an immortal Fame by killing him. And *Orcan*, desiring to keep to himself the Sulten's favour, wished nothing so much as to sacrifice that Illustrious Victim to his Master's resentment.

Scanderberg spared no body in his first transport; even *Amurat*, whose Dignity he had respected till then, had felt himself the strength of his Arm, had he not been encompass'd by a crowd of *Turks*. How formidable is a valiant Man, when Love and Revenge encourage him to fight! What abundance of Blood was spilt in few moments! What vast number of *Turks* did the King of *Albania* kill? And how many

fine Exploits were that day, perfo
by his Friends? *Aranit* was not s
ſenſible of his old Age; and the yo
Thopia let the *Ottomans* know there
more than one Hero in *Albania*.

They had already defeated *Amu*
Van-guard, took his Standards, m
Priſoners many of his Captains, a
Victory did already begin to incline
Scanderberg's ſide, when Night put
end to their Fighting, tho' the Quar
was not fully decided. *Scanderberg* wou
have purſued the *Turks*, but the Dar
neſs became ſo thick he was fain to ſt
till to Morrow.

After the Lights had been kindle
as *Scanderberg* was going to enjoy
little reſt, there was a kind of Prod
gy ſeen; his Semitar had cleaved ſo
faſt to his hand in the heat of the Figh
that it could not be pluck'd off but wit
extraordinary pains: This was take
for an aſſured ſign of his Strength an
Valour.

His firſt care was to enquire abo
Aranit, who was no more to be ſeen
he was ſought for to no purpoſe; an
Scanderberg feared either he was dead o
taken: He was thinking upon thi
when he perceived *Acomat* coming,

who

who to see him, had revolted in the dead of the Night to his Party.

Scanderberg embraced him with all demonstations of joy; and the generous *Turk* received his Careſſes with all ſorts of reſpect. My dear *Acomat*, ſaid the amorous *Scanderberg* to him, do you come to confirm *Arianiſſa*'s death, or to reproach me with my weakneſs. No, my Lord, replyed *Acomat*, I do not bring you ſo ſad news. *Arianiſſa* is ſtill alive in the Sultan's Camp. You have a mind, ſaid the King of *Albania*, to deceive my grief. I have ſeen *Amurat*'s Command, replyed *Acomat*; and then he ſhew'd him the Paper found upon *Aradin*, whoſe unfortunate Fate he acquainted him with. I took that faithful Eunuch to be with you, my Lord, and he left *Amurat*'s Camp, only to paſs into yours. But without doubt, *Muſſelman*, who hides himſelf not far from hence, had kill'd him. As for *Arianiſſa*, ſhe is alive, and you may rely upon my word for that.

One cannot expreſs how much then was *Scanderberg*'s joy. *Aranit* was fought after; but ſome Souldiers ſaid, they thought he had been made Priſoner,

having seen him venture too far among the Turks.

They took that night the most convenient measures for their safety, that it was not likely that *Amurat*, half vanquished, would come again to a Battel; there were Sentinels plac'd every where, and the news of *Arianissa*'s Life were brought to *Croya*. *Scanderberg* enjoy'd more rest that night than usually; at break of Day they visited all the Corps, but could never find *Aranit*'s.

Scanderberg was resolved to fulfill his Victory, and to free *Arianissa* and her Father from his Enemies. *Acomat* assured him *Amurat* expected a considerable succour. *Scanderberg* was but little alarm'd with this; and the hope of delivering *Arianissa* prevail'd more upon his mind than any other consideration.

Aranit's Captivity was soon confirmed, and there were news brought to *Scanderberg*'s Camp that *Amurat* had more rejoyced at it than at the gaining of several Battels, having now in his power what to affright *Arianissa* with: That fair Princess had suffered a thousand sorrows since *Scanderberg*'s departure, and the Emperour's violent desires could not have been resisted but by an extra-

ordinary

ordinary Virtues such as hers. But all her past sufferings were but slight, compar'd with her affliction for her Father's Captivity. *Amurat* sent for him; and *Aranit*, who had not seen *Acomat*, and was not acquainted with *Arianissa*'s condition, look'd extreamly sad. Thou art vanquish'd and subdu'd to our Power, said the Sultan to him, and notwithstanding all the pride of thy Family, thou must stoop before us. Thou needs not thank Fortune, reply'd *Aranit*, which hath delivered into thy hands an unfortunate Victim, and which longs to be sacrificed: So many great Men as still remain in our Party, under *Scanderberg*'s Conduct will find thee work enough. Tho' they have surprised us, replyed *Amurat*, yet thou may'st judge by thy present condition of the inconsiderableness of their advantages; and that I have no great reason to fear them. But that is not the thing now: I will propose unto thee a safe way to free thy self. Thou canst not propose any, said *Aranit*, but what is shameful; and he that had murdered *Arianissa*——— hold, interrupted *Amurat*, and do not accuse me of a crime I was never guil-

ty of *Arianissa* lives, but still so cruel, that I want thy assistance to change her mind; thou shall see her, but thou must use this liberty for my service: I love her, I adore her, but the Ungrateful despises my flame with a cruel obstinacy. Reflect, *Aranit*, how shameful it is for such a Man as I to sigh, and suffer to no purpose, nor any take care of my resentments.

Aranit was no fit confident for *Amurat*: *Scanderberg*, his King and his Friend was in love with *Arianissa*, and was belov'd by her: These being thus, he was not capable of a base compliance: Thou knowest, said he, Christians are seldom fearful, and that they seldom act against their Parole or Duty; how dear soever *Arianissa* may be to me, I would sooner see her dead than to bring her to grant thee thy request. Hearing this discourse, which could be so easily understood, *Amurat* grew mad against *Aranit*: Tarry my Prisoner, since thou despisest my Proffers, said he to him; all *Scanderberg*'s Power shall not be able to deliver thee, and thou shall quickly feel what destiny I prepare for thee. Then he sent him back into a private Tent, and commanded

Having found the Father so resolute, he went to try whether the Daughter would prove also inflexible: Therefore he went to *Arianissa*, who knew not what had pass'd; Cruel *Arianissa*, said he to her, I prostrate my self to your feet, for the last time of my life, to desire some small favour from you, which I promise to retaliate, by releasing *Aranit* your Father, who is now my Prisoner. Heavens! cry'd *Arianissa*, is this the last affliction you prepared against me? And do you forsake the just party, to cast me still into new Troubles? Alas! dear Father, Why did not my Death prevent your Misfortune? You may dispose of his Destiny, reply'd *Aranit*, and it depends wholly upon your Behaviour. Reflect earnestly upon this, do not despise mine Anger; and tho you need not fear the loss of your Death, yet fear that of *Aranit*'s. Tyrant, reply'd the Princess full of sorrow and indignation, what hath my Father done against thee? Is this the use thou ought'st to make of what Power the chance of War hath given thee over him? Alas! he is fallin into this danger only to deliver me: Endeavour then

on your side his Deliverance, reply'd *Amurat*, since I am resolv'd to be cruel except you favour me; either you must love, or see *Aranis* dye. Is this the way of gaining love, reply'd the fair *Arianissa*? is Cruelty such a pleasing Charm, and must we offend the Person by whom we desire to be loved? Give some occasion to my Heart to be grateful, boast sooner of thy Services than thy Rage, to the end thou may'st upbraid me with some reason. You have taken so little notice of my Sufferings, reply'd the Sultan, that I intend to follow no more that course. If you are still the same, I will not warrant you of my Fury; but if you change, you may expect any thing from me, and dispose at your pleasure, of my Soul and Empire: Well, answered *Arianissa*, let me see my Father. Tho' I ought to refuse this Favour, to a person who never granted me any; yet interrupted *Amurat*, I give you leave to see him, but do not forget when you embrace him, that his Life depends upon this interview: Take together such Resolutions as may be agreeable with my Designs. The Sultan went away without speaking any more, and ordered *Arianissa*'s coming to be

be brought to *Aranit's* Tent, and [illegible] from her's.

Four Years absence had made but an advantagious alteration in the Princess: And *Aranit* who knew well her Suffering, wondred to find her so fair. Presently she embraced her Fathers Knees, and weeped there abundantly: He embraced her a thousand times, and took her up very lovingly. After he had satisfied the first motions of Nature, I see you again at last, said he, dear *Arimissa*, after I have so long bewailed your loss, and lived in a sorrow proportioned to the cause thereof. If I have taken any care of my days, it was only to the end they might be serviceable to you. I have seen the Emperour of the *Turks*; I have heard, but I find not my self dispos'd to do what he desir'd. —— Forgive me, my Lord, if I interrupt you to praise your Constancy, it is worthy of your self; but shall I see you dye, rather than give my self to *Amurat*? And ought I not to sacrifice the Peace of my Life to the safety of yours? What *Arimissa*, reply'd *Aranit*, could you resolve your self to be the Mistress of a Turkish Prince? How sorrowful would this sign of your love prove to me, and by preserving my life,

life, how intollerable would you render it? I can lose it a thousand ways without glory; and you ought not to preserve it by so base means, since should I consent to it, I cannot but lose my good Fame amongst all honest Men. In a word, *Arianissa*, forsake sooner both my Life and yours, if there is any need. I tremble giving you this advice, but I should blush should I do otherwise. Remember what you owe to the King of *Albania*, to that Prince who before he knew you, had served you with so much respect. Alass! My Lord, I have forgotten neither his Valour, nor his Services. Consider to what dreadful pass I am brought: Shall my love upbraid for ever my severe Vertue, by reason I have not saved your life when I could do it? And if I grant *Amurat*'s desire, will not the whole World look upon me as upon a Princess perfidious, both to Heaven and *Scanderberg*? Alass! my Lord, what shall I do? That which I have advised to, answered the constant *Aranit*: But then I shall see you dye, said the Princess; no matter for that, reply'd *Aranit*, I shall dye without shame: Then both began to weep in a sad manner. The Eunuch's Witnesses of this sorrowful

Conver-

Converſation, [illegible] *Arianiſſa* was like to dye, taking her laſt leave from her Father: Did I ſee you only, my Lord, to bid you an eternal farewell, cry'd the deſolate Princeſs. Cruel *Amurat*, let me dye with *Ariani-*. Moderate your Grief, reply'd the Prince, ſoftly: We are not ſo far from *Scanderberg*, you know what his Valour can do; go away my dear *Arianiſſa*, and never deſpair as long as he lives.

'Tis impoſſible to expreſs *Amurat*'s Rage, when he heard in what manner the Father and Daughter had ſpoke one to another: Am I Soveraign only, ſaid he, to be hector'd by my Enemies? And ſhall I always ſee my Power inſulted over? Let them dye ſooner; and tho' I cannot quench a Flame which I abhor, let my Reaſon at leaſt condemn to an everlaſting Grief the perſon that cauſes it; let the World ſee what Revenge I will take of a Captive, who does but increaſe *Arianiſſa*'s hatred againſt me: Let him dye, I don't queſtion but *Scanderberg*, whom my Arms ſhall purſue as a Fugitive Rebel, will reſent this loſs. Let *Arianiſſa* have a juſt reaſon to complain of me; heretofore ſhe had only been the witneſs of my [illegible] but now

shall see me spill her own Blood.

As soon as he had resolved this, he thought upon the means of bringing it to execution: He chose his Camp to be the Stage where that Tragedy was to be acted. The most usual kind of Death among the *Turks* is Strangling; but such Executions are frequently very private: That would not serve the Sultan's turn, who intended to shew publickly his Cruelty, that *Arianissa* might be the witness thereof.

The next day all things were prepared for *Aranit*'s death; a Scaffold was erected in the middle of the Camp, which was encompassed by the *Janissary*'s, and other Souldiers of the Guard; *Amurat* took a convenient place to see his Orders executed, and the desolate *Arianissa* was brought near him. The Sultan kept always his dreadful looks upon her, but she turned hers towards Heaven to implore its Assistance.

A strange Spectacle was offer'd to their sight. *Aranit* appeared in such a miserable condition, that it could not but shake his Daughter's Constancy: He was loaded with huge Chains, had his hands tyed, and his head uncovered, but he seemed neither cast down nor affrighted

frighted at this barbarous usage, walk'd with a sedate countenance, as despising his Enemies; but when he saw *Arianissa* so frighted, almost drowned in her Tears, and almost dead for Grief, he grew pale, and pityed the deplorable condition of that lovely Princess, who had always been the dearest Object of his Hopes and Love; he wept, but his great courage could not allow of such Tears, and presently he wiped them off. He was no more discountenanced then, than if he had been at the head of his Army; and recovering his former Tranquillity, he lifted up his Voice that he might be heard by the Sultan, the Princess, and the rest of the Assistance. *Arianissa*, said he to her, do not think this seems either cruel or shameful to me; I find therein both glory and pleasure, since you see there an Example of which you can make some use: Hide those Tears from me, which argue your weakness: You are my Daughter, but remember also that you are a Princess, that rank where Heaven has set you, requires both constancy and a great resolution; you will see me no more, 'tis true, but let this consideration comfort you, That no base Action will blemish the Glory

of

of my Life; come to your self, dear *Ariamissa*, live for *Scanderberg*'s sake, nay, dye for him, if there is need, as I am confident he would do for you. As for the Emperour of the *Turks*, said he, turning himself towards *Amurat*, a Prince born from so many Heroe's, from whom thou degenerates so much, and whose Cruelty thou only imitatest; learn from my Death to despise Life. Yesterday I was with the valiant *Scanderberg*, whose very presence dissipates Fear and Terrour, and behold now I am submitted to a Tyrant who trembles at the least thing.

Let him dye and perish, cry'd out the Emperour, and let him be punished for his pride. Then the Executioners went about to obey his Orders, and the fair *Ariamissa* falling into a Swound, was carryed to the Tent where she had always been.

But whilst they were preparing to execute *Aranit*, many repeated out-cry's of the fartherest Sentinels, signify'd *Scanderberg*'s coming, who had enjoyed no rest since *Aranit*'s Captivity: His Forces brought again to fight, did march with a warlike Constancy, which struck terror into the first that saw them. *Amurat*'s

Camp

Camp was soon in a great fright; he was resolved to hasten *Aranit*'s Execution; but *Ocean*, who could prevail the best upon his mind, got it to be suspended, judging it would be convenient to keep him alive. He was therefore brought back again, and *Amurat* put on his Arms, having still considerable Forces left, which were soon in a posture of Defence.

Scanderberg broke like Thunder through whole Squadrons; *Amurat* was mightily afraid of his rencounter, and therefore went another way, leaving *Ocean* to deal with *Scanderberg*: The valiant *Thopia* attacked the Sultan, and let him know the King of *Albania* was well seconded. The *Turks* turned back every where, confusion and horrour had seized them; *Amurat* seeing there was no hope of the Victory left him, ran to *Arianissa*'s Tent with a barbarous intent, but could not find her there; and was strangely amazed when he heard, that *Musselman* whom he took to be far from thence, had stoln her away. Besides this Grif, he was put to a shameful flight; *Scanderberg* remained the only Master of the Field and Bagage; he saw *Aranit*, but could not find *Arianissa*. Who

can

can expreſs his Sorrow, when he ſaw all his Attempts fruitleſs, and ſo much Blood ſpilt to no purpoſe, and when he heard in whoſe hands ſhe had faln? He took this at firſt for a trick of the Sultan, who being defeated, hided *Arianiſſa*'s condition: Conſidering this, he was reſolved to root out his Souldiers before they had time to breath, but ſome *Turkiſh* Priſoners told him for certain, that *Muſſelman* had gotten her away.

Scanderberg could not but think, that *Muſſelman* had no deſign to bring her into *Amurat*'s Territories, or tarry in *Albania*; he feared all things; and the knowledge he had of *Muſſelman*'s temper, did but increaſe his dreadful trouble: To comfort himſelf, he embraced *Aranit*, who acquainted him with his paſt Dangers. After he had ſettled his Camp, and left the diſtribution of the Pillage to the greedy Souldiers, every one endeavoured to divert his Sorrow. *Thopia* was more buſie in it than any: You were never acquainted with Love, ſaid the Prince of *Albania* to *Thopia*, and therefore you cannot imagine my Sorrow; *Thopia* bluſhed at this reproach, which he was ſo far from deſerving, ſince

no

no heart was more addicted to that Paſſion than his. I am more acquainted with Love than you think, my Lord, reply'd he; and becauſe I know its effects, I pity you more than any. My Lord, reply'd *Uranus*, whoſe only deſire was to divert the King from thoſe ſad thoughts, to convince the King of the truth of what you ſay; pray let him hear your love Adventures. I ſhall hear them, ſaid the King to *Thopia* with pleaſure and attention, howſoever prepoſſeſſed I may be; and if you are not a fortunate Lover, my own Experience wilbteach me to commiſerate you. My Lord, anſwered *Thopia*, both my Love and Fortune wholly depend upon your pleaſure, and the account which I am to give you by your Command, will make you more ſenſible of that Truth.

The Hiſtory of THOPIA.

WAS Love a voluntary Paſſion, my Lord, and could we rule the motions of our Hearts according to the advices of Reaſon, we ſhould never pitch upon any choice without firſt conſulting her. Firſt of all, *I* muſt needs tell you, my Lord, that I love the Princeſs *Alouiſſa*,

sa, and that all my respect could not stop my passion. I beg humbly your Pardon. —— I do forgive you with all my heart, reply'd the King, and I cannot but admire my Sister's Happiness, to possess such a Noble Heart. *Thopia* then fell upon his Knees, but being taken up by *Scanderberg*, he went on after this manner.

I hell'd a considerable rank in King *Castriot's* Court, upon my Fathers account; and after you had been sent to *Amurat*, I was look't upon as the chiefest of the Princes of *Albania*. I was surnamed *Carlomus*, which signifies in the *Sclavonian* Tongue *happy*, either because I was very aimable in mine Infancy, or because I was sprung from the Noble Blood of *Charlemayne*.

The King who could see you no more, never look't upon me without sighing, and without complaining of that cruel Law, which deprived him of your presence. The Princesses *Angelina*, *Zella*, and *Ulacia*, your Sisters, comforted the Queen *Vorsana*, being already come to years of reason, since they were soon after marry'd to three illustrious Husbands: But the young *Amissa* was still in her first Infancy, so fair and charming, that

but loving and admiring her. I fell in love with her as soon as I was sensible of any Reason, and our free Conversation did but increase my Passion.

The Prince *Mafachius* my Father, who had had me in his old Age, when he had no hopes of any Son, was so overjoyed with the advantage of having a Son, that all the care he took, was about mine Education.

All *Amissa*'s Actions seemed charming to me, and I wisht mine had not displeas'd her; I was a long while before I could acquaint her with my Passion, and whatsoever my complaisance towards her might be, she was to young to guess the meaning of it.

As for me, a little more Age and Experience had taught me to distinguish Love from Friendship; and Time acquainted the Princess, that one does not sigh without Love: In my younger Age I had shewn but a quiet joy at her sight, but as soon as I came to my fifteenth year, she observed I was melancholly and perplexed.

She was used to go very often with her Governants, to divert her self a fishing in the great Pond, which was in the

the middle of the Prince of [illegible] follow'd her there one day, and while her waiting Women were talking at some distance from us, I saw her longer than an hour apply only her self to that Exercise: She was so fair, that I look'd upon her with an extraordinary attention, and in that pleasing occupation, I sighed so loud, that *Amissa* who could catch nothing, and was vexed at it, turned angrily her head towards me; *Tropia*, said she to me, *I* think you affright the Fishes, and the noise of your Sighs spoils all my sport. Alas! Madam, reply'd I, how can they hear what you do not hearken to. 'Tis possible enough, reply'd she, that I hear you without hearkning to you: If you hear my Sighs, Madam, said *I*, *I* am certain you do not understand the meaning of them, and *I* should be too happy were you acquainted with that Secret. The Princess left her Fishing to look upon me more earnestly; and casting one obliging look upon me, *I* esteem you so far as to pity you for your misfortunes, said she, and to rejoyce at your advantages: And *I* am willing to know that Secret, if you think *I* may serve you therein. Madam, reply'd *I*, *I* will

then

then impart it to your kindneſs, and tell you, that you are the cauſe of my ſufferings. I the cauſe of your ſufferings, *cry'd the young Princeſs, with a kind of amazement, mixed with fear*, Alas! *Thopia*, how can that be, ſince I bear you ſo good a will? I do not tell you, Madam, *added I*, that they are cauſed by your will. I ſuffer, tho' you do not intend to make me ſuffer. You puzzle me ſtrangely, replyed *Amiſſa*, and I muſt confeſs my Wit is not piercing enough, to apprehend that Myſtery. I perceive, Madam, *added I, trembling*, that my mouth muſt be my heart's interpreter. I love you, and thoſe ſighs which trouble your innocent ſport, proceeds only from that extraordinary love you have inſpir'd me with; this paſſion is almoſt as old as I, and I was ſenſible of it, before I did know my ſelf. Alas! *Thopia, replyed the Princeſs with a charming innocence*, do not talk to me about Love, it has been repreſented always to me, after ſuch a manner, that I will ſhun it like a Monſter, and if you deſire I ſhould ſee you, you muſt rid your ſelf of it. 'Tis impoſſible, Madam, *reply'd* I, I ſhould part with it, and I perceive, I am its ſlave for the reſt of my life. But, Madam,

do you think a Paſſion, which you inſ
me with, can be any thing frightful
that Love which hath been dra
to you, was no ſuch Love as mine, n
the effect of divine *Amiſſa*'s Charms.
there is any horror to be found therein
it concerns me alone, and it proceed
from the fear of diſpleaſing you. But
Thopia, replyed the Princeſs, what d
you deſire from me? Your pity, Madam
added I, and a Confeſſion from you
mouth, that you accept of my Servic
with ſome joy. I profeſs to you, *anſwe
red the Princeſs*, that I do not appre
hend half of what you ſay, and that
want many Leſſons to underſtand thi
matter; did your heart tutor you ſo wel
added I, as mine does me, you woul
be ſoon as great a Scholar in it as I.
I promiſe you replyed ſhe ſmiling, t
impart to you all that it ſhall teach me
in the mean time ſuppreſs your figh
and help me to conquer the ill luck I
have to day.

I was well pleaſed with this conver
ſation, and I did what ever I could to
ſatisfie *Amiſſa*. At laſt the enchantment
ended, and we caught fiſhes a pace, ſo
that we entered into the Palace very
well contented.

Since

Since that day, the Princess made some Reflections, which opened her eyes. She had always looked upon me, as upon a young Prince, with whom she was allowed to live familiar, but after that my discourse, my actions, and her own reason had acquainted her, that I was in love with her, and when she considered the consequences which would follow the Courtship of a declared Lover, she took a severe Countenance, and tho' she never shew'd any hatred against me, yet I could not perceive in her that innocent kindness, which till then had flatter'd my hopes.

I was soon sensible of this Change, which is imputed to indifferency; some time pass'd before I could complain, but my grief prevailing upon my patience, at last I spoke thus to the Princess. Madam, *said I to her*, you have taught me to love, but I am afraid, I have taught you to hate, and except your kindness take my part, I fear lest your rigour deprives me of the Liberty of seeing you. Are these the lessons you have learnt from your heart, and did you consult it only to render it mine Enemy? You will never be able to teach me to hate; but, My Lord, *replyed she*, I

don't care you should teach me to love, but suppose I am now a little more reserved, ought you to wonder at it? 'Tis enough, *Thopia*, *said she*, casting an obliging look upon me, that there is no other difference between what I was, and what I am. I know not whether this Kindness is a Lesson from my heart, but as long as it shall not inspire me with any thing inconsistent with my Duty, you need not fear I should take any resolutions contrary to your interest. I found so much reason in this discourse, that it increased both my Love and Respect. It would be both ungrateful and rude in me, *said* I, to ask any more, since only my services, and modesty ought to speak for me.

Amissa seemed pleased with this answer, but whilst I was abandoning entirely my self to that passion, and she look'd upon me, as a man who was worthy to serve her, Fate prepared it self to cross us.

Castriot, who had married the Princesses his daughters with some *Albanian* Princes, could hardly have found a Family more worthy of his Alliance than ours. The Queen, who loved more tenderly *Amissa* than the others, fearing

leſt ſome Reaſon of State ſhould remove her into a Forreign Country, liked my paſſion well enough; but the King, who had ſome different deſigns, took meaſures quite oppoſite to hers.

Among thoſe that were of ſome note at *Croya*, *Balſe*, a Prince as well as I, had become *Caſtriot*'s Favourite; he was no man of great Vices, nor of an extraordinary Virtue, and the only thing that got him in favour, was his affected complyance. He was ten years older than I, and was not handſome to pleaſe the Eyes of a nice Princeſs. Yet *Caſtriot* had choſen him for *Amiſſa*'s Huſband, and had thought that his Sons being abſent, *Epirus* and *Albania* could not have a better Protector.

Some Broils then call'd us to the War, I was none of the unwillingeſt to go, ſacrificing my Paſſion to Glory, and to the deſire of deſerving *Amiſſa*. I did not part from her without Sorrow, and I believe ſhe was alſo ſenſible of my departure. *Balſe* commanded our Army, and becauſe there were but few Frontiere-places revolted, it was not very Numerous. I did not then look upon him as my Rival, yet I had no love for him; he had, may be, no greater

ſhare in the Victories we got, than I and the others that ſerved, but he was rewarded a great deal better. Arriving to *Croya*, I found the Princeſs *Amiſſa* afflicted, for *Arianiſſa*'s loſs, whom a *Caravanne* of *Turks* had ſtoln away in a Voyage, which her Father had impoſed upon her without any neceſſity.

About that time, My Lord, the whole world ſpake of you with admiration, and your Conqueſts, both in *Aſia* and *Africa*, amazed the moſt experienced Souldiers. *Caſtriot* had then good reaſon to ſigh, ſeeing that what Services you did for an Infidel, might have proved ſo uſeful for *Chriſtendom*. The Princeſs wiſhed your return, and when I would commend you in her preſence, Pity that Illuſtrious Brother, *would ſhe ſay*, that his valour ſhould be engaged to ſerve a man of a barbarous extraction, and who knows little what belongs to gratitude, and friendſhip. Pity me at the ſame time for loving him as much as I do, and for having no hopes to ſee him again.

But, My Lord, 'tis time to relate to you my Sorrows; the King your Father, who thought he was mightily beholding to *Balſé*, prepared to do anything for him. This

This formidable Rival for reason of *Castriot*'s protection, began to court the Princess in such a manner, that I was deprived of the liberty I had before. As soon as I saw he had declared himself, I was sensible of my misfortune, and tho' he was a King's Favourite, yet I desired my Father to do something for my love. He loved me too tenderly to deny me any thing I asked, and without objecting to me all that I ought to fear, he did partly what I desired.

I went to expect with the Princess the event of my Father's design. I found her sorrowful, and melancholy. You are afflicted, Madam, *said I to her*, and that trouble which appears in your eyes signifies as much. Yes, Prince, *replyed she, with a sad Countenance*, I am cruelly perplexed. Can I without offending you, ask you the Cause thereof, *replyed I*? You will know it too soon, and if you are a little concerned for me, what will you say, when you hear I am near to marry *Balse*? This discourse, like a thunder, struck me almost dead, and I was so little prepared for it, that this surprise stopt my blood, and one could see upon my Face, the signs of a real despair. The Princess

was moved at it. Alas! *Thopia*, *said she*, *looking sadly upon me*, how dear am I like to pay for my Obedience to my Fathers Commands? Madam, *said I*, are you then resolved to marry *Balsé*, and by a Scruple of Virtue will you sooner renounce your own happiness, than resist *Castriot*'s will? Would you have me, *replyed she*, incur his indignation by a rebellious resistance? Tho' you might love me the better for it, yet I am sure you would esteem me the less, and you know your self well enough, that a Daughter of my rank cannot dispose of her own Fate. I know, I adore you, Madam, *said* I, and I shall dye for grief, if *Balsé* injoy a Fortune he has never deserved. What great advantages above me can that Fortunate Rival boast of? I am certain, I give him none, interrupted *Amissa*, and were you only to strive with my inclination, you would soon be a Conqueror. But, *Thopia*, you know *Castriot* is my Father, and what power he has over me. What shall I do, replyed I, if you marry *Balsé*, you shall see me no more, or at most? You shall see me only in publick places, replyed the Princess. And if I live, I shall live the most unfortunate

fortunate person in the World. Can you, Madam, give your self to him, *replyed I, somewhat angry?* Yes, without doubt, *interrupted Amissa*, and I see nothing can dispense me from that Duty, if *Castriot* requires it of me. Cruel Princess, *said I*, you know well enough I cannot live after that; must I also adore your Fortunate Husband, as I do every thing that belongs to you? Did you know my hearts Condition, *replyed she*, you would not be so passionate, and you would sooner endeavour to comfort it. My trouble does not proceed from any affectation. However you are more fortunate then I, since you are not forced to give your self to one you hate, and since you may sigh without crime. In my present confusion, I know not, *said I*, what to say, nor what to think. All things seem guilty to me, and I cannot but accuse my self, believing heaven would never punish me undeservedly. After that I asked the Princess, how she came to know *Balsi*'s good Fortune? And she told me, that after he had often spoke to her about his love, but in vain, the King at last had declared himself for him, notwithstanding the Queen's aversion to it,

and that he had commanded the Princeſs to look upon *Balſe* as upon a Prince whom he deſigned for her future Husband.

I perceived then that all my Father's endeavours would prove fruitleſs, and I was grievouſly afflicted at this. *Amaſia* ſeemed alſo very ſenſible of my ſorrow, and her kindneſs did but give me a greater ſenſe of my loſs.

Againſt my cuſtom I was glad to leave her, intending to go to the Queen, who had always been kind to me, to implore her aſſiſtance. I was told ſhe was in the Gardens, therefore going that way, I met my Father, whoſe melancholy Countenance did but increaſe my trouble: He confirm'd unto me the King's reſolution in *Balſe*'s behalf, and exhorted me to take patiently a misfortune which could not be helpt. In the ſame minute I ſaw my Rival appear, follow'd by many Courtiers, drawn there by his fair hopes; my colour chang'd, and my Father ſenſible of my violent commotion, forbad me to enter into any converſation with *Balſe*: what could I have promiſed him, ſince I was maſtered by a Paſſion I could no longer bridle? It was well I did not attack

him

my Rival in his presence; but as soon as he disappear'd I abandoned my self to Wrath and Jealousie. I found *Balsé* in the Garden where I was looking for the Queen. Could I speak one word with you, *said I?* Yes, replyed he, without any apparent amazement. I know, said I, that you are design'd to possess the only thing that may render you the most glorious Man in the World: But you don't know, it may be, that I sigh for the Princess *Amisé* these many years ago, and that you must deprive me of my life sooner than obtain her. I did not think, replyed *Balsé*, in a scornful manner, which vexed me to the very heart, that the designs of a great King were to be cross'd thus. For my part, I, who know how I am to obey, ought to take the greatest care to perform my duty. Do not conclude from hence, that I don't care to fight with you; you shall have that satisfaction: But, *Thopia*, you will not take it ill if I defer it till Marriage hath given me a full possession of *Amisé*.

Having thus spoke to me, he left me scornfully; and I was so much cast down at those words, that I could not attack him at present. The Place was

a

a Sacred Place, and I was fain to curb my Paſſions. As they were acting within me with the greateſt violence, the Queen came, and I went to her in a trouble which ſhe eaſily took notice of. That generous Princeſs caſt a ſad look upon me; and leaving her Gentleman-Uſher to give me her hand, ſhe did not ask the reaſon of my ſorrow, which ſhe eaſily gueſſed, but let me know how afflicted ſhe was at the King's prepoſſeſſion in *Balſe*'s behalf, aſſuring me, that if ſhe had had the diſpoſal of my good Fortune, ſhe had not deferred it a moment. I wiſh, ſaid ſhe, I could procure your ſatisfaction with the loſs of my own Blood; but we have a Maſter obſtinate in his reſolutions, and who will be obeyed. I have ſtrove againſt them as much as I could, but all to no purpoſe, and I cannot but condole with you. The paleneſs and the deſpair that appeared upon my face at the hearing of theſe words caſt the Queen into a great fright. Madam, ſaid I to her, my misfortunes are ſo great that 'tis like they will alſo prove fatal to *Balſe*, and all the reſpect I owe to the King's order can never prevent my reſentment. *Caſtriot* came afterwards, follow'd by

the

the Princess, and I retir'd in that sad condition.

Amissa, who saw me retire, easily perceiv'd my trouble, since I seem'd to shun her presence. I spent that night in the greatest trouble imaginable. I had a thousand several Projects in my Head; at last I resolved to render *Amissa*'s possession impossible for *Balsé*. I had seen him in several occasions, but I never had the least fear his arms should triumph over me as his favour did: In fine, I rose up at the break of day, and went to carry for him near the Palace where he was used to go every Morning. *Balsé*, said I, as soon as I saw him, we must fight for *Amissa*, and you will never be happy before you have killed me. Then I drew my Sword, my Rival was forced to do the same, and we fought with equal courage and advantage; we wounded one another in several places, and tho' they endeavour'd to part us, yet our fight lasted so long, that it exhausted the greatest part of our strength. *Balsé* at last fell at my feet, and tho' I stood up still, yet I was in a sad condition; a crowd of people coming then carried us both away.

The

The King shewed such a great resentment to my Father, who endeavour'd to justifie me, that his great grief cast him into a Fever, which brought him to the Grave. *I* durst not appear, and this increas'd my despair. The Queen and Princess sent me word how much concerned they were for me: But nothing could satisfie *Castriot* but my death. *Balsé* live no longer; his wounds were more considerable than mine; *I* was cur'd in a short time, notwithstanding my grief, but all the care they took of him could not prevent his death.

Then, my Lord, *I* could no longer tarry in *Croya*, or in any other place of *Albania*; *Castriot* had no regard for my Love, nor Services, nor Birth, and granting some tears to *Balsé*'s death, he fully resolved my own. The Princess, whom he suspected to favour me, felt his severity; even the Queen her self underwent his reproaches.

I thought it very hard to hide my self for a glorious action, and *I* had fallen into a despair, if the Princess, who could obtain any thing from me, and who knew well *I* was not out of *Croya*, where *I* was carefully sought after, and who feared *Castriot*'s resentment, had

not

not prescrib'd a Law which *I* could not resist. *I* receiv'd her orders in a Letter written with her own hand, which was delivered to me with a great deal of circumspection.

The Princess Amissa *to* Thopia.

AS one cannot reasonably expect any rest from violent actions, so we might have been happier had you not been so passionate. If I have any power over you, and if you put any trust in me, avoid for a while the King's displeasure: The Queen wishes it, and I beg it of you. Absent your self, Thopia; *I fear the loss of your life; this Lesson proceeds from my heart: Remember our former conversations, and believe for your own comfort, that now it is you may be as good a Scholar as yours.*

Tho' absence seemed to me a more cruel pain than any that Castrier's wrath could prepare, yet *I* resolved to obey the Princess, and to acquaint her with it, *I* sent her this answer.

Thopia

THe greatest demonstration both of Love and Respect that I can give you, is, to go out of Croya *and* Albania, *where I leave you likely for ever. I do not repine at my sufferings, since your pleasure will have it so. I shall depart, Madam; but let me beg that protection from your heart, without which I I should never be able to endure the pains of absence. Adieu, I may dye without seeing you, but never without adoring your charms.*

I wished I could have taken my leave of *Amissa*, but the then present Juncture of Affairs would not allow of a private interview. I parted from *Croya* with a sound body, but a heart full of grief. I took with me some of my faithful Servants, abandoning whatever my Father had left me. There was then no War in any place of *Europe*, and having no certain Design, I was led at last by my profound Melancholy into a part of *Greece*; as I was thinking upon a larger Journey, I heard of *Castriot*'s death. How unjust soever he had

had been againſt me, I was afflicted at the News; I had returned to *Croya*, if *Amurat*'s Tyranny, who had poſſeſs'd himſelf of all *Albania*, had not put an invincible ſtop to my Deſigns. The Queen and *Amiſſa* were made Captives, and having no Forces to defend, I went every where to make ſome intereſt for them, and made at laſt that Party, which I brought to you after the Queen's Death, which oppreſſed me almoſt with grief, entirely honouring her, and knowing how ſenſible *Amiſſa* would be of this Misfortune.

In fine, my Lord, I was Witneſs of your immortal Actions; I ſaw *Amiſſa* again, whom I found the ſame, and who told me, that my happineſs wholly depended upon your pleaſure. This is that Hiſtory, my Lord, you deſired to know, you are both my King and Maſter, but beſides you are the Sovereign Umpire of my Felicity.

Scanderberg embraced *Thopia* as ſoon as he had made an end of his Relation, and aſſured him, that he might poſſeſs *Amiſſa* when he pleaſed, and that nothing would be ſo acceptable to him as his Union.

But tho' *Scanderberg*'s violent passion had been diverted for a while by *Thopia*'s Relation, yet it soon recovered its former strength, the sorrowful *Aranit* was much concerned, and they were but little pleased at the gain of the Battel, since their hopes were frustrated.

Acomat wondred that *Musselman*, who had so many reasons to fear the *Sultan*'s wrath, should be so rash as to enter his Camp, and carry away *Arianissa*, being not acquainted with all the particulars of his Life, he could give no comfort to the King of *Albania*.

In the mean time this Prince could see the *Turks* had departed, that his Army was not much weakned, and that *Croya* had nothing to fear; being thus free to act as he pleased, he could not resolve himself to tarry, till he had heard some News concerning *Arianissa*, and resolved to venture any thing to find her out. My Lord, says he to *Aranit*, our common interest requires mine absence; as things stand now, there is no danger *Amurat* should attempt any thing, but we ought to fear all things from the treacherous *Musselman*. We must deliver *Arianissa* from his Tyran-

ny,

ny, and I am weary of my life, when I think she is in his power. *Aranit* was far from opposing this resolution, and *Scanderberg* prepared himself to depart with the fortunate *Thopia*, who would never forsake him. *Uranus* followed them also, and *Acomat*, who could not with Honour follow his Master's Enemies, tarried with *Aranit* as a Prisoner of War.

The King of *Albania* would not take many Souldiers along with him, for fear of being known, his Equipage was not very great; but he found himself in an exceeding trouble, concerning the way he ought to take; he was sensible that *Musselman* had fled from *Amurat*, and that it was to no purpose to seek him among the defeated Army; it was not likely neither, that this Ravisher should retire into the Emperour's Territories, or tarry in *Albania*. In this uncertainty he wholly trusted himself to Chance: not certain of the success of his Enterprize, and going he knew not where, he found in several places many Companies of the *Turks* scattered, and returning to *Amurat*, he was three days without taking any rest, and all his inquiries being to no purpose, he began to despair.

But

But he was not the only man that fought *Arianissa*. Prince *Mahomet* seeing her out of his Father's hands, desired to get her for himself, and look'd upon *Musselman* as upon a light obstacle, could he but meet with him. *Amurat*, tho' sorely afflicted at his losses, sent several Parties after him; but the young *Sultan*, led by his own heart's interest, took that licence followed only by twenty men.

At first he was not more fortunate than *Scanderberg*, and travelled over a spacious Country to no purpose; at last being arrived in a savage place, which properly may be called a Wilderness, he heard some noise over his head, and saw *Musselman* retrenched in a steep Rock hurrying *Arianissa* with violence, and striving to get her, notwithstanding all her resistance, into a Den, where the Sun had never shone.

Mahomet had an *Ottoman* Soul (that is, haughty and cruel) as the rest of his Life witnessed. The injury done to a fair Princess, whom he loved dearly, inspired him with the utmost Fury, and crying very loud, he would fain have gone to *Musselman*, but he saw every where inaccessible Precipices. *Aria-*

nissa

nissa and *Musselman* hearing that noise, look'd upon him. The Princess hated all the Turks, but she had a lesser aversion against *Mahomet* than against the *Bostangi-Bachi*; the Prince who saw her desolate, and oppressed with grief, made many attempts, which did not affright *Musselman*; but Heaven, who had designed that day for the punishment of the greatest Rogue [illegible] the World, brought *Scanderberg* and all Men in the place where the Prince *Mahomet* was, it vexed them to see one another there, but the King of *Albania* soon perceived *Arianissa*. Who could express his commotion at this sight? or *Musselman*'s rage? The Precipices that were round him, seem'd to secure his Cruelty; but such as they were, he did not think they were inaccessible for the passionate *Scanderberg*. Just Heavens, cry'd he, favour my Passion, and since you grant me to see *Arianissa*, grant me also that I may deliver her from that cruel Tyrant. Then he cast his eyes all round about, and seeing a by-way difficult, but less dangerous than the rest, followed it hastily. *Thopia*, *Uranes*, and the rest followed his steps, and *Mahomet*, who would not be an useless

useless Spectator, went after them, tho' it was a long circuit, and tho' *Mussulman* affrighted, threatned to carry away *Arianissa*, the couragious Princess hindered his design. *Scanderberg* saw many of his Men fall, and bruise themselves upon the Rocks; but this did not abate his Courage, and at last he found a way easier and broader, which led him to *Arianissa*.

But alas! those were not all the obstacles he was to met with, and *Mussulman*'s Fury was more to be feared than those Precipices he had overcome already. That barbarous man, tho' he had a far greater number of men, than those that had followed the two Princes, yet could not trust on his own strength: a hellish rage possess'd his Soul, and seeing he was undone, he resolved to undo all. With this resolution, he seized *Arianissa*'s arm, and drawing a Cymeter, *Scanderberg*, said he to her, with his scared looks, shall never see thee alive, or enjoy those favours thou designest for him. Thou cannot affright me, in threatning me with death, replied *Arianissa*, with a serene countenance, but tremble for thine own. I look upon it as certain, replied

the

the Turk, but *Scanderberg*'s hand shall never sacrifice me.

The King of *Albania* was still drawing nearer, and could already hear them. *Musselman* perceiving him, bad him stop if he desired *Arianissa*'s life. The Prince, who saw his Cymeter, and who was well enough acquainted with the Turks temper, to expect all sorts of cruelties from them, was strangely surprised, and durst go no farther. *Arianissa* seeing him stop, and fearing left too much love should make him easily leave her, exhorted him to advance. Come, my Lord, cryed she to him, *Musselman* is too faint hearted to attempt any thing upon my life, but suppose he was not, I would sooner die than submit to him. *Mahomet*, who had also drawn near, and who was not so much concerned for the loss of her life, tho' he was mightily in love, would have advanced farther; but *Scanderberg* bad him imperiously not to advance rashly, left he should consider him as *Arianissa*'s Murderer. The Prince advanced no more, and *Musselman* seeing the well grounded fear of his Rivals grew the more insolent. King of *Albania*, said he, if thou lovest *Arianissa*'s life, thou must allow

low me to retire freely with her, sin
I swear to thee by all that may ren
der an Oath inviolable, that I shall no
spare her, if thou goest a step farther
O barbarous! cry'd the Prince, is thi
your way of loving and deserving her
How cunningly thou knowest how to
make use of my Love and thy Cow
ardise! Depart Monster, go far from
hence, since *Arianissa*'s safety requires
it; but at least respect her Virtue and
Rank. Can you forsake me so, cry
out *Aranit*'s fair Daughter, and do you
think, *Scanderberg*, that I am so much
in love with my life as to chuse to
live with this Monster? How blame
worthy is your faint-heartedness! Must
my own example encourage you? If
you do not come to me, I will go meet
either Death or you; then she at
tempted to get loose out of *Musselman*'s
hands, but her strength was not
sufficient: *Musselman* foresaw then his
certain ruine: Love, said he, without
any more ado, guide mine Arm: Then
he lifted it up to stab *Arianissa* in the
breast; and he had certainly done it,
if the affectionate *Thopia*, whose mind
was more sedate than *Scanderberg*'s, fore
seeing the effects of *Musselman*'s rage,
had

[illegible] by [illegible], and got in that [illegible] minute so near him that he struck him, and sent both his Arm and Dagger to *Arianissa*'s Feet; another blow divided *Musselman*'s Face in two, so that he gave up his unclean Soul with his cruel Blood.

Those that were there present were so amazed at this wonderful Action that they took *Thopia* for a Man sent down from Heaven: But *Scanderberg*, whose terrour was converted into a sudden joy, ran to embrace *Arianissa*'s Deliverer before he went to her self. 'Tis impossible for us to relate all the obliging things they told one another. *Scanderberg*, to shew his great passion, prostrated himself at *Arianissa*'s Feet, and uttered the most passionate expressions that his heart could invent. She embraced him obligingly, at which favour *Mahomet* was sorely vexed. *Thopia* received from *Arianissa* such Praises and Elogiums as his Action well deserved; and *Scanderberg* shewed him all the imaginable demonstrations of joy and friendship. The Turks who had follow'd *Musselman* fled away, but they were not pursued. *Mahomet* did sigh, having no hope left him; and seeing

there was now no likelihood [illegible] *Arianissa* from *Scanderberg*: [illegible] Fortune, cryed he, why must I be [illegible] witness of their Felicity? Must I [illegible] sake for ever a Beauty whom I [illegible] so long ador'd? Having made [illegible] sorrowful reflection, he came [illegible] *Scanderberg* with as much freedom [illegible] he might have done at *Andrianople*. Tho' we are both Enemies and Rival[illegible] said he to him, I fear nothing fro[illegible] thee which might be unworthy of [illegible] Prince whom all the World admire[illegible] and without any base submission I mu[illegible] tell thee, I esteem thee, tho' witho[illegible] love. Compare my condition to thi[illegible] own, and grant that I am an unfo[illegible] tunate Man, since neither in my F[illegible] ther's Dominions, nor in this pla[illegible] I have any hopes left me. Could [illegible] reasonably expect to fight for h[illegible] with success, and gain her favour, t[illegible] *Ottoman* Blood which runs in my ve[illegible] should never be allarmed at thy valo[illegible] *I* see you must remain Conquerour, a[illegible] since thou hast triumphed over *Amur*[illegible] you can never be vanquished, and [illegible] cannot but be unfortunate for ever.

These words which could not pro[illegible] ceed but from a noble heart, made [illegible] de[illegible]

[illegible] always been sensible of [illegible]'s excellent Virtues, which answered well his Illustrious Birth; and seeing that he could not in reason upbraid him of his Pride; My Lord, said he to him, I shall never hate you, tho' you can never love me; and I would willingly part with any thing besides *Arianissa* for your satisfaction. Time, interrupted *Mahomet*, will without doubt afford us some occasions to see one another again. In the mean time, enjoy your *Arianissa*, whom I cannot take away from you. Having spoke these words, away he rode, and was soon out of sight with his Men.

Scanderberg resolved to tarry no longer in a place where *Arianissa* had been so sadly allarmed, and which was like to have proved fatal to her. They told one another a thousand obliging things; and they chose the fairest Horse for the beautiful Princess, who rode towards *Croya*, with her illustrious Lover, leaving *Musselman*'s Corps to be devoured by wild Beasts, wherewith those Desarts were full.

Tho' *Arianissa* was not used to any hard exercise, yet she rode a long way

within a short time
hardly be perswaded to take any
at night; the strong desire he
to see *Aranit*, *Amissa*, and her
dear Relations, made her long to
rive at *Croya*. During that jour
which lasted two days and a night,
derberg had now the opportunity
knowing his own good fortune,
Arianissa's tender love. They
well pleased as he; and never did
greater tranquillity succeed trou
which were thought endless.

In fine, *Scanderberg* brought into
without meeting with any oppos
his fair Princess: All the People of
City went in great crowds to see
and to congratulate him upon his
turn. *Aranit* then the most fortu
of Fathers, told *Scanderberg*, That
he had deserved so well his Daugh
she belonged by right to him.
and *Arianissa* kissed and embraced
another for a long while; and
who had been so glorious an ins
ment in procuring *Scanderberg*'s Happ
ness, receiv'd from *Amissa* such pro
stations of Love as he deserved.

Croya, where Sorrow had reigned
ring the War, and *Scanderberg*'s Go

then quite alter'd, Pleasures and Sports had now their time, and all possible endeavours were made to divert *Arianissa*, who had led before such a sorrowful life. Among all these pleasing Diversions, *Scanderberg* neglected nothing concerning his important Affairs; and whilst *Amurat* was hearing what had pass'd, and was taking new resolutions, both against the Life and Fortune of the King of *Albania*, this Prince who now enjoy'd his dear *Arianissa*, kept his Army in a capacity of resisting all the *Ottoman* Forces.

He knew not what had pass'd at *Andrinople* since his departure thence: *Arianissa* who had seen *Acomat*, and bewailed the Death of the Loyal *Aradin*, was willing to satisfy *Scanderberg*'s Curiosity; one Evening being with *Amissa* and *Thopia*, who had heard her former Adventures, she thus related the last to the King of *Albania*.

The History of ARIANISSA.

AS I had passionately wished for your departure from *Andrinople*, so was I overjoy'd at the News of it, since you ought not to expect there any fa-

vour; and tho' I could not absolute flatter my self with the Idea of a futu Liberty, yet *I* had some glimmerin hope still left me. *Aradin* and *I* congra tulated one another upon this occasion but the fearful *Sultan* fell into an exceed ing Rage, when he heard you had bee proclaimed King by the *Albanians*.

As his wrath increased, so did hi troublesome and imperious Solici tations: He did not question, but *I* ha some secret Intelligence with you; an he suspected *Aradin* of having favour our Designs; he threatned him wit Death, and me with the utmost Se rity, and so cast me often into dre ful Fears.

Selimana seeing she had lost you for ever, endeavoured to regain the Sultan Love; *I* did what *I* could to facilita that Conquest unto her, yet she hated me as a dangerous Rival, who deprived her of the Sultan's Affection, and who likely had hindred you from loving her She conjectured from the words which you heard me sing, and which truly proceeded from my heart, that since the day you fought the *Tartar*, *I* had not look upon you with indifference.

Prince

Prince *Mahomet*, who was no longer observed by you, and who feared only his Father's Jealousie, resolved to venture any thing to see me; and the cunning *Musselman* got also into the *Seraglio*, after the way *I* shall relate to you.

Amurat thought, that having no hope left of your return, *I* should never be able to resist him; but seeing all his moderation was to no purpose, after he had sighed, he began to threaten, and shew'd me all that cruel Pride natural to the *Ottoman* Blood. You try my patience too far, cruel and ungrateful *Roxaniſſa*, said he one day to me, and you do not regard at all my kindness for you. Do you think *I* spare you by reason of my own weakness? No sure, but my Heart protects you against my Reason; you ought therefore to own your self obliged to me; otherwise *I* swear by all the Powers above, that *I* shall make use of all mine Authority, if your unkindness forces me to it.

This Discourse had been proceeded by so many of the like nature, that I did not look upon it as a new thing, but *Amurat*'s countenance was quite changed. Thou knowest well, that *I* never

abuſed thy Highneſs, reply'd I, that I never promiſed thee any thing. I am ſenſible both of thy Power and Dignity: But, my Lord, thou ought'ſt to know, That thou canſt not require from me, but the reſpect due to thy Rank; I am no perſon of a mean Birth, and the Chains I am loaded with cannot depreſs my Courage; thoſe Countries which are ſubject to thy Power, afford thee Beauty's enough, whoſe only deſire is to pleaſe thee; thy Religion allows them that liberty, and their Inclinations are agreeable with the condition; as for me, Fortune only has made me thy Slave; I am not thy Subject, if thou art juſt, and there are Laws above thine, which forbid me to favour a *Mahometan*. If *Scanderberg* did ſit upon the *Ottoman* Throne, reply'd the angry Sultan, you would not be likely ſo nice, and all your Reaſons about Independance and Conſtancy, would not prove ſo ſtrong as you pretend them. Well, *Arianiſſa*, ſaid he proudly, perſiſt in your reſolution; but expect no longer from me any moderation, ſince I will have no more regard to your Sex, your Religion, nor your Birth.

Being

Being in such a humour, he left me; *Selimena* exasperated him by her Reproaches, and both the *Seraglio*'s were witnesses of his violent Rage.

Since the Conversation I had had with the Sultaness in the Garden, and which you heard: Our Friendship had not been great, because *Amurat*'s love changed soon after, and for reason of the new rank which he forced me to take; she judged by what had happen'd in the Garden, where she had desir'd me to walk with her, when the Emperour met us, that you were no indifferent Person to me; she had look'd upon the Sultaness love, as upon a thing which authorized in some manner her freedom with me, and her inconstancy: But when she knew that you lov'd me, and that I had some gratitude for you, she fell in a Rage against me, and call'd me perfidious and treacherous, because she had trusted me with the Secret of her own Heart.

Jealousie had soon inspir'd her with an immortal hatred against me, and I was like to feel its cruel Effects: You have deprived me of all my comfort, dangerous Sincerity, said she one day to me, and you have rewarded the sincere confidence of my Heart with Perfidiousness;

believe what I say, this place
no moderation; and whatev
kindness I am forced to shew you, ma
be soon changed into hatred. Fear min
since you have so basely served me.
am so far from deserving these Re
proaches, reply'd I, with a sedate min
that I feel neither remorses of Conse
ence, nor terrour at the hearing of the
My Behaviour had been always innocen
I never endeavoured to please the Sul
tan; and as for your confidence, Heave
knows whether I have abused it: Bu
you loved *Scanderberg*, reply'd she, an
when I acquainted you with my passio
you hid your Sentiments from me wi
a criminal Dissimulation: Suppose wh
you say was true, answer'd I, you hav
yet no reason to accuse me, did no
your Jealousie blind you. Was I ob
liged to open my heart to you, by re
son of your confidence, which I so lit
desired? And instead of complainin
of me, ought you not to commend m
prudence for not declaring my sel
your Rival? But *Selimana*, let us no
trouble our selves any longer abou
what is past, or what is to come: le
us consider, that *Scanderberg* is like t
be King of *Albania*, that we are Slave
an

was none ſweeter than his in the Se-
glio, and by reaſon we had ſung often
together to divert *Selimana*, he ſung
but theſe four Verſes, likely of his own
making.

Awake, prepare for gentle Love's A-
larm:
No, prying Argus *now can do you harm.*
And whilſt all things are here by ſleep
poſſeſt,
May you in ſweet Delights of Love be
bleſt.

I hearkned to *Amaldan*, thinking he
had no deſign; but turning my head at
a little noiſe, I ſaw a Slave, whom I
took to be one of thoſe Women that
waited upon me; but it proved the
bold *Muſſelman* in that Diſguiſe.

I cannot expreſs my amazement and
my wrath; this way going to break
out againſt the *Boſtangi Bachi*, when a-
nother Woman (as I thought) drew
near me, as raſh as the firſt, and in the
ſame Diſguiſe; this was Prince *Maho-*
met.

Had I followed my firſt paſſion, I
had ruined them both, and drawn like-
ly upon my ſelf the ſuſpition of favour-
ing

ing one or the other; they were as much amazed as I at the Conformity of their Adventures. After I had look'd upon them a long while, to be the better assured, that *I* was not mistaken; at last *I* told them, that they hazarded more than I, and that their Enterprizes which rendred them so guilty towards the Emperour, could not prove pernicious to me. There is no need, said I, I should instruct you about the Laws, which you know well enough, and which you cannot violate, without Crime or Danger. But, my Lord, said I, turning my self towards *Mahomet*, I must needs tell you, that tho' my civility may hide your Actions from the Sultan, yet you ought to make a good use of it: And as for thee, O *Mussulman*, the perfidious Subject of an Emperour, who had honoured thee with the first Dignities of his House, if thou escapest free; thank my Indulgence and *Mahomet*.

The *Bostangi Bachi* felt a secret Rage at these words; he believed that your absence had changed mine Inclinations, and that I was in love with the young Sultan.

I have interrupted your Designs, reply'd he, with a boldness like himself: You wish *Mahomet* should come again; but I am not so little concerned in *Amurat*'s Interest, as to hide from him what has pass'd. You Rogue, interrupted the Prince, do not offend *Asanassa*, and acknowledge your fault as I do mine. Since our passionate Love hath brought us hither, against all common prudence, let us confess our selves guilty: Tho' you ought to question me about what I do, yet tho' I am your Prince, I'll give you what satisfaction you can desire from me: Come therefore to another place. These words did but confirm him in the Opinion he had, that I loved *Mahomet*; they were both forced to retire; and after I had seen them go out, I went into my Chamber, resolved to tarry there for fear of the like Surprisal, seeing that all the Eunuchs in the *Seraglio* were debauched in their Duty. *Amaldan*, who design'd nothing else by favouring the *Bostangi Bachi*, than to make use of his Liberality, cared little whether he was pleased or no; those that served *Mahomet*, were not more zealous for him.

Some

Some of my waiting Women had their Share in this Intrigue, but for fear of communicating these things to those that were innocent, *I* thought it fitter to be silent; I got all the Passages to my Appartment closely shut up. *Aradin* did asswage my displeasure, by telling me he had received News from you, and that nothing being able to resist you, you would soon be Master of *Croya*.

Your happiness made me look less melancholly than I was used to be, *Amurat*, who was sick but a little while, soon perceived it, and upbraided me for my sedate mind, as if it had been a great Crime.

In fine, My Lord, we heard at *Adrianople* your arrival to *Croya*, and *I* cannot express to you, what was *Amurat's* rage, when he heard of the defeat of his *Basha's*; he resolved to go in person to fight you. But he was not willing to leave me behind him. *I* was not afflicted at this news, reckoning it a happiness to come near the place, where you and my Father were, *Selimana* mad at this Resolution, designed to have killed me, and to make her self certain that way, that *I* should never belong to you, or to the *Sultan*.

I

I have told you already that we had no great correspondence. She knew what [illegible] made for my departure; and seeing she had quite lost the Emperour's love, she resolved to punish me for it: by her liberality she endeavoured to induce some *Eunuchs* to poison me; some were perfidious enough to attempt against my Life, but all to no purpose, tho' I used but a little circumspection. These slow enterprises, did not agree with the violence of her hatred; therefore one night, being mad at *Amurat's* Scorn, she entered into my Chamber, with a dagger in her hand, which she had used without any mercy, had not my good Fate brought there *Ayaxa*, who, full of Zeal and Terror, threw himself upon her, and hindred her design. The proud *Sultaness* turned her head, and perceived her own weakness, she told us all that a violent hatred can inspire. She curled the Emperour; reviled me basely, protested against me, named you many times, and at last stabbing her self with two strokes, she fell dead at my feet.

I ran away at this cruel sight. The Emperour coming in was little concerned for her Death, tho' he had loved her

her passionately, because he could no longer abide her upbraiding humour.

At last, my Lord, [illegible] the *Seraglio* at *Andrinople*, I was [illegible] a covered Cart with two old Women; it was impossible for any [illegible] me, and no body was ever observed with greater care, notwithstanding all this, the rash *Musselman* endeavoured to steal me away; he was discovered the first time, and forced to fly from the presence of the angry *Sultan*, who was resolved to have punished him; he suspected *Mahomet* also, and that poor Prince was like to undergo the fate, which hath ruined so many of his Predecessors.

We arrived in sight of *Croya*, with the *Ottoman* Army. I felt some tender motions, when I saw these Towers, and *Amurat* redoubled then his Efforts to soften my heart but never found me Kinder, than *I* had been at *Andrinople*. Vexed at this, he would always threaten me with your or *Ariamir*'s death. I was often alarmed at his: But the trust *I* had in the Valour of you both, dissipated my Terrors, and kept up my Courage.

One day after he had extraordinarily

rily tormented me, he resolved to sacrifice me to that rage my unkindness had caused in him, he thought he should forget me, when he should see me no more; and being loath to use any other Executioner, than his loyal *Orcan*, a favourite, worthy such a Master, he wrote the Note to him, which you found upon *Aradin*, and trusted it to an *Eunuch*. *Aradin*, who knew the exceeding and violent wrath of *Sultan*, observed all his Actions, and meeting the *Eunuch*, who carried his orders to *Orcan*; he likely brought him out of the Camp, and fought him, having no other way to get his Note of him; I do not question but he went towards *Croya*, to acquaint you with my miserable condition, but he was assassinated in the way by *Musselman*, who had never loved him, according to what he told me, after he had stolen me away, that he had already sacrificed that passion to himself.

I expected nothing good from *Amurat*'s Anger, and seeing *Aradin* no longer, I thought he had been arrested by his Orders, as being too much affected for your Service and mine.

As Passions are not always equally violent

violent he had no sooner ordered my death, but he thought with himself, how cruel this was like to prove to him; he sent for the *Eunuch*, but he was no longer to be found.

Amurat at last saw *Orcan*, who had not received his orders, and who had never approved it. Considering what advantage it would be to them to keep me alive, in a Country where the chance of War might not favour them always. *Amurat*, who had harkened to his own reasons, more than to those of *Orcan*, gave me leave to live, but swore he should have no longer any respect for me.

You know, my Lord, all the rest that had past, my Father's captivity, your own Victories, and *Musselman*'s stealing me away; he broke open the Tent where I was carefully kept, killed many men, and carryed me away without any resistance, assuring me, that to make amends for what he had done, his only desire was to deliver me into your hands; I could not trust him, but that discourse flattered my hopes; that Traytor brought me away with all the immaginable swiftness, whilst all the Camp was full of confusion, and I lost

soon

soon after the sight of the Walls of *Croya*, and that of *Amurat*'s Tents.

You may judge, my Lord, of my grief, to fall from *Amurat*'s hands, into that Traytor's, whom no consideration had been able to divert from such a dangerous attempt. I weeped, but all to no purpose, my Prayers were but in vain, he made me wander a long while, without letting me enjoy any rest, and hurried me in that place, whether Heaven moved by my tears brought you in such a Critical Minute.

The Princess made an end of her Discourse, *Scanderberg* shew'd how much moved he was at her several sufferings; in the mean time, *Aranit* came to acquaint the King, that the Turks fortify'd themselves, and did intend to attack them within few days; but *Scanderberg* was no less formidable in his joy than in his sorrow, and was not much frighted at *Amurat*'s designs.

All the moments he spent with the Charming *Ariamissa*, were attended with happiness, and joy. *Thopia* also, who feared no longer any Rival, nor the King's opposition against his Love, enjoy'd a perfect Tranquility, which *Amissa*'s Protestations assured him of.

Acomat grievously vexed to know his Enemy's perfect happiness, offered him the Battle again, and made a new attempt to oppress him. *Ariamissa*, who was well acquainted with Fortune's inconstancy, was afflicted at it; but the invincible *Scanderberg* assuring her so confidently of the Victory, render'd her less concerned at his departure.

And really he triumphed again, but after such a glorious and advantagious a manner, that the *Sultan* being vanquish'd, and weakned, dyed some days after for shame and dispair, after his last defeat; *Mahomet*, who was not then in a capacity to make War any longer, seeing the *Ottoman* Army exhausted, left *Ariamissa*, and *Albania* in the Victorious *Scanderberg*'s hands, and went to *Andrinople* to be proclaim'd Emperor there. *Acomat* being at liberty to do what he pleased, followed him and parted from *Scanderberg*, after he had promised him an everlasting Friendship, which he religiously observed, being neuter in all the Wars, between *Mahomet*, and the King of *Albania*.

Scanderberg, at the highest degree of his glory, feared by his Enemies, adored

dored by all his Subjects, and adored beloved by the fairest Princess in the World, married her publickly in *Croya*, with all possible demonstrations of joy; the same day was chosen for *Thopia*'s marriage with *Amissa*. *Aranit* full of Satisfaction and Glory, took upon himself the management of State Affairs, to give more time to *Scanderberg*, to enjoy Loves delights. All those that had been Loyal to *Castriot*'s Family were fully rewarded, chiefly *Uranus*. Never a King lived with more content, or performed such famous Exploits as *Scanderberg* did. But 'tis enough for us to have tyed him here for ever with his Charming *Arianissa*. The great Atchievements of his Reign, are so commonly known, that it would be to no purpose to relate them here.

112

FINIS.